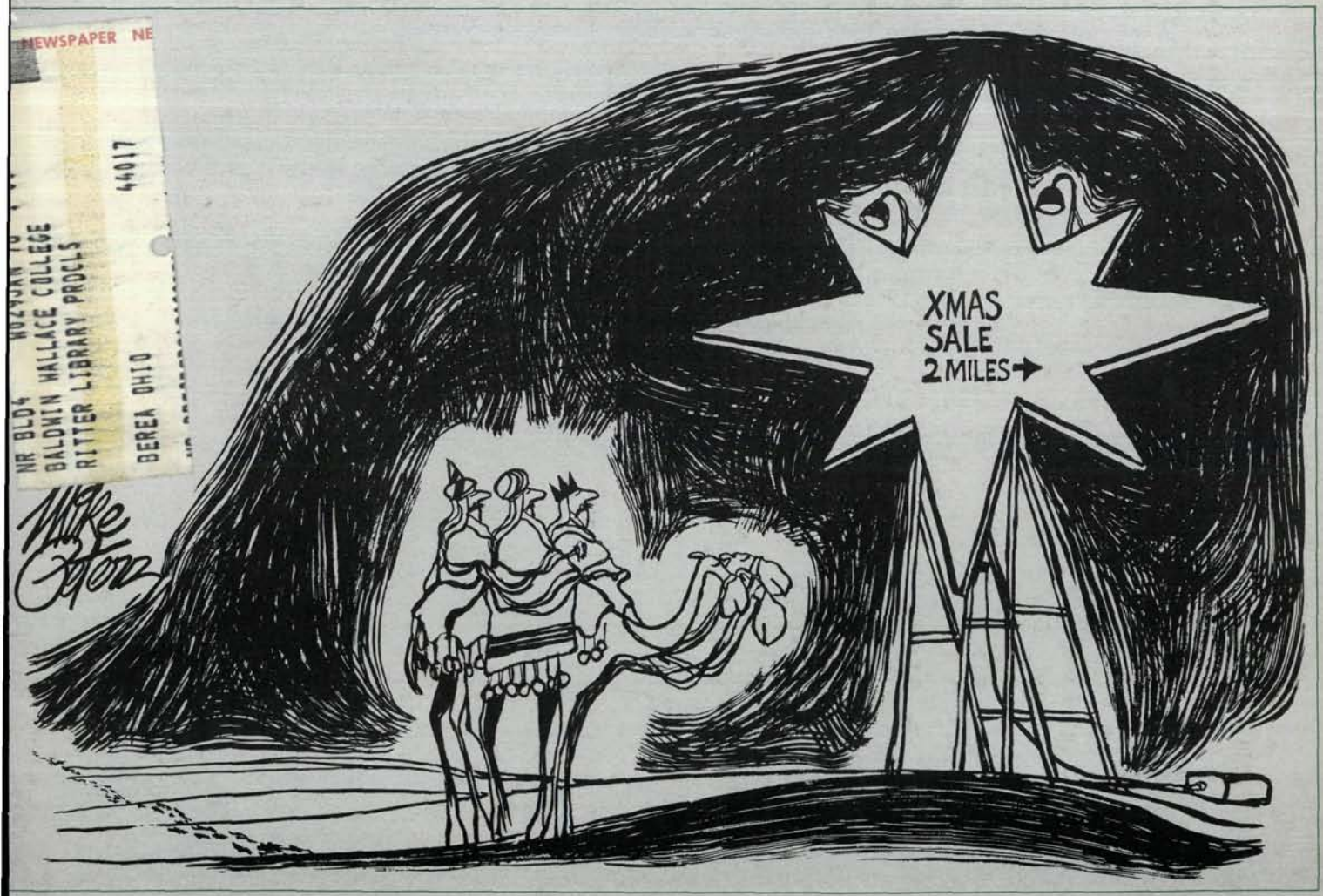
RITTER LIB
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Proust à la Pinter • The Senility of the Diplomat
The Droopy Dollar • Spain's Nobel Poet • The Kingfish's Son

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 24 & 31, 1977 Price 75 cents

John Osborne on the Resurrection of Robert Strauss
Tad Szulc on Kennedy's Cold Warriors



NEWSPAPER
44017
BEREA OHIO
BALDWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIBRARY PRDLS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cuisine a la Madison
7:00 a.m. until Midnight

THE MONTPELIER RESTAURANT
Superb continental cuisine and vintages graciously served in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Open for luncheon, dinner and an enticing English Brunch on Sundays (except July and August) from 11 a.m. until 3 p.m.

THE MONTPELIER LOUNGE
Prix Fixe Buffet
from 11:30 a.m. until 2:30 p.m.
An intimate cocktail rendezvous
from 5 p.m. until 2 a.m.

LA PROVENCE
A continental coffee house for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

THE RETREAT
An old English pub serving fine refreshments, luncheon and light supper.

LA TERRACE
A delightful Parisien cafe open from 7 a.m. until 3 p.m.

LE RENDEZ-VOUS
A European streetside restaurant serving breakfast, brunch and lunch.

THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Free inside parking, sheltered access
Reservations • Telephone (202) 785-1000
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor

TRB

from Washington ®
December 24 & 31, 1977

Son of Kingfish

The German consul cried that he and Hitler had been insulted. The consul came on a formal call in striped pants and cutaway and the commander of the German cruiser *Emden* was in full uniform. But Governor Huey Long, Kingfish of Louisiana, received him in a red and blue dressing gown over green silk pyjamas with blue bedroom slippers. The governor grinned his impish grin from a rubbery face that was like the caricature of a cherub. He knew nothing about diplomatic niceties, he said. The Consul was not amused.

America laughed. That was how Huey first got national attention. The Consul demanded an apology. Very well, said Huey with a wink. When he made his return call the next day he wore the borrowed elements of morning dress save for the required top hat; instead he wore a rakish gray fedora.

The country loved it. Who was this Huck Finn of a governor, it asked? Why, he was the one who ran Louisiana like a Latin American dictatorship, proposed to Make Every Man a King, and inspired the great cornpone debate. Even FDR joined in that one. Did you crumble cornpone in your potlikker, or did you dunk it?

The Kingfish was shot in the rotunda of the state capitol in 1935 and his son Russell was too young to succeed him as Senator, so his wife Rose took the job for a while. Others filled in till Russell was ready. In the meantime Russell served as assistant to his uncle, Governor Earl Long. (It was all a family affair.) The Constitution required 30 years, and Russell was only 29 on Election Day, 1948—one of the youngest ever elected to the Senate. He had to wait for a few months. He was the only senator in history preceded by his father and mother.

Now Russell Long has served for 29 years. He has all the seniority there is. He runs the 18-man finance committee which shapes, or warps, or kills practically every major economic measure brought to Congress. He is one of the most powerful men in Washington. He has the flushed, pudgy, rotund face of his father, the comic demagog. But he has disciplined the intellect and brilliance which he inherited, and he is normally quiet and mild-mannered. Probably more than anyone, he has held up President Carter's energy bill in the past few months. What kind of a man is he?

The late great senator Paul Douglas came to the chamber in 1948 and they were freshmen together: "As I entered the Senate I was happy to find an able ally in Russell Long," Douglas wrote in his 1971 memoirs, *In the Fullness of Time*. "He had the antimonopoly sentiments of his father Huey, and I found him to be a kindred soul on at least this issue." The "issue" in question was the fight to end the phantom freight costs charged by many big manufacturers under a "basing point system," using make-believe points of origin and giving them an unfair tax advantage. Paul Douglas, an articulate crusader for tax revision, was a real liberal like George Norris; it was hard to tell what Russell Long was. Douglas thought Long's "dominant sympathies" were with the poor at first, at least "during his early years of the Senate." Douglas helped elect him party whip with the understanding that he would work to extend Medicare. Technically Long fulfilled his pledge. But he also tried to load the measure down with excessive benefits which Douglas uncomfortably finally concluded was a trick to defeat it: "Long's motion was another device of the American Medical Association," he wrote. He added, "Russell Long and I continued to be friends, but reluctantly I no longer trusted him in such matters." How similar this is to comments 25 years later about the engaging, tenacious, manipulative oil millionaire Russell-son-of-Huey, in the battle over the Carter energy bill.

Oil and oil money run through American politics. They have done so since the original Rockefeller Standard Oil was broken up into smaller pieces under the antitrust act; through Teapot Dome; through the "depletion" allowance battle; and now again when

(continued on page 38)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Should you invest in a tax exempt bond fund?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you have taxable income of $16,000 or more?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you want income from relatively long-term tax exempt investments without losing the ability to withdraw any part of your money if the need arises?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Would you like to compound the income from your investment tax free?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Are you now receiving interest or dividends that are taxable?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Do you consider municipal bonds a tempting investment but too complicated or demanding for your personal supervision?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Would you like to receive a monthly income check exempt from Federal income taxes?

YES ☐ NO ☐ Would you like to invest in a municipal bond fund without paying any commission or sales charge?

If you answered "yes," to any of these questions, please let us send you a prospectus of the Dreyfus Tax Exempt Bond Fund, Inc. If you prefer not to remove the coupon from this page, call toll free day or night:

800-325-6400

(For questions call 9AM – 5PM: Out of New York 800-223-5525, in New York call collect 212-935-5700)

The Dreyfus Tax Exempt Bond Fund, Inc.

600 Lincoln Boulevard, Middlesex, NJ 08846

T167

For more complete information, including management fee charges and expenses, obtain a prospectus by sending this coupon. Read it carefully before you invest or send money. 076T107

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ **Important Notice:** Shareholders can now benefit from a new service: Dreyfus Group Life Insurance at exceptionally low rates. Please check if you wish written information.

Income may be subject to some state and local income taxes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 177, Nos. 26 & 27, Issues 3285 & 3286, December 24 & 31, 1977. Published weekly (except the issues of January 8, July 16, August 13, August 27, December 31) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, 75¢; Yearly subscriptions, $21; foreign, $24; students $14.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department, The New Republic, 205 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Copyright 1977 by The New Republic, Inc. Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.

Cover drawing by Mike Peters.
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all our readers.

Contents

TRB from Washington	2	Son of Kingfish
Comment	5	The Droopy Dollar It's My Party
	7	Correspondence
Henry Fairlie	9	Mr. X²
Morton Kondracke	11	Begin, the Winner
John Osborne	13	White House Watch: Resurrection
Ken Bode	16	Big Jim
Tad Szulc	19	Kennedy's Cold War
		Arts and Lives
Stanley Kauffmann	22	Films
Michael Ullman	23	Jazz
Allen Josephs	25	Spain Coming Into Her Own
Guillermo Cabrera Infante	28	Fabulas Rasas
		Books Considered
Calvin Bedient	30	Delmore Schwartz by James Atlas
Steve Lawson	32	Mastering the Film and Other Essays by Charles Thomas Samuels
Melville J. Ulmer	35	Democracy for the Few by Michael Parenti
Jay Cantor	36	Anti-Oedipus by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari
Roger Rosenblatt	37	The Back of the Book: The Box That Stole Christmas
Washington Diarist	43	A Brat's Christmas

MS READ-a-thon– a simple way to start youngsters reading.

The MS READ-a-thon is a nationwide reading program for boys and girls 6 to 14. It's also a program which raises money to help find a cure for multiple sclerosis.

Young people who register are called "Mystery Sleuths." As they read books for pleasure, they ask relatives and friends to give them a donation for every book they read, which provides funding for MS research and patient services.

If you're a parent or educator and would like to help, you can start an MS READ-a-thon for youngsters in your area. Just call your school or local MS chapter, or call toll-free (800) 243-6000.

Kids can help, too!

National Multiple Sclerosis Society, 205 East 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

The Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Roger Rosenblatt*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editors—*John Osborne, Eliot Marshall*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Guest Poetry Editor—*Robert Fitzgerald*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer*
Assistant Editor—*Philip Terzian*
Art Director—*Grace B. Paine*
Literary Assistant—*Catherine O'Neill*
Arts Assistant—*Constance Bond*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*Donna J. Melson*
Feature Syndicate Director—*Leslie B. Seagrave*
Director of Advertising—*Beth W. Newburger (202) 331-7494*
Assistant Advertising Manager—*Deborah Striner*
Classified Advertising—*Barbara Truitt*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Production Assistant—*Barbara Ledeen*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott, Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 24 & 31, 1977

The Droopy Dollar

It's the night before Christmas and all through the international money markets the only sound you hear is the dollar sinking. Last Christmas the German mark cost 42 cents; now it costs 44 cents, and soon it will cost more. The dollar bought 294 yen a year ago, and now it buys only 238. The French franc and even the frail British pound have gone up in value against the dollar this year, and are still climbing. Something odd is happening. Penny by penny, the dollar is withering away.

There are two ways of interpreting the dollar's decline, one mildly gloomy and the other very gloomy. The mild version holds that the shift in currency values is a temporary aberration, a small hole in the economic fabric that will soon be filled in and set right by the busy patchers of the marketplace. People with this outlook think that the bankers and trade experts will cope with the problem if they are left alone to do their work. The darker view holds that the dollar's decline is a symptom of something much more dangerous that's wrong with the system, something that can't be fixed up by the experts. We think the latter, gloomier view is correct. Small patches will not do the job any longer.

The dollar's slide began early last spring, but didn't really build momentum until the summer. The dollar began to slip when it became clear that the US was running up a large trade deficit with the rest of the world. Americans were buying German and Japanese cars and televisions at a furious pace and importing OPEC oil with blithe abandon. This meant that dollars flooded the international markets, paying for America's purchases, in torrents so vast that the value began to fall. Nobody was terribly eager to have more dollars. The dollar's weakness was confirmed at midyear when Treasury Secretary Michael Blumenthal announced that he did not intend to stop its decline. If he had wanted to, Blumenthal might have driven up demand for the dollar artificially by buying back some of the dollars on the market. But he refused to do this. Blumenthal said instead that he was rather pleased by what was happening. The values of the German mark and Japanese yen were low, he said. The Germans and Japanese were keeping their currencies low in order to keep the price of their TVs and cars low, making it easy to sell these goods to Americans. According to the cynical view, the Japanese and the Germans were cheating. We couldn't force them to raise the value of their money. We tried to persuade them to export less and to sell more of their goods in their home markets. But, having failed, we did the next best thing. We sped the dollar along on its decline, a roundabout way of making the yen and German mark more valuable. Volkswagens and Sonys will cost more.

The dollar's bad reputation is thus the result of political events and "real" events. The political aspect was Blumenthal's decision, made last summer, to "talk the dollar down." This had an impact on the international money industry, whose sole concern is to make a profit on the rise and fall in the value of currencies. The people who make a living this way read political news with just as much attention as they devote to the news of a factory opening or oil discovery. Knowing that Blumenthal would do nothing to help the dollar, they thought it best to bet against it. This group includes not just the gnomes of Zurich, but managers of OPEC money in New York and red-blooded American executives who manage the currency accounts of large American companies. Probably all of America's big banks are betting against the dollar right now.

It would be wrong to overemphasize the significance of the money gamblers. They are important, but they don't have the power to make events. By their behavior they signal a consensus judgment about national economies. Their judgment on the American economy is negative. They are like passengers on a big ship who, at the moment the ship begins to list to starboard, all rush in the opposite direction to avoid getting wet. In theory, they balance the ship, throwing their weight against the dead drift of momentum. But there is one thing they will not do. They will not go below deck to repair leaks. If the ship has a big unplugged leak in its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

side, the bettors will rush around in vain, for they will not be able to put things right.

America's deficit with the rest of the world is the leak in the ship. It is expected to amount to about $18 billion this year. The deficit in our current account is made all the more remarkable by the suddenness of its appearance. Only a year ago, the US was breaking even. A reversal of this size has not happened before. This convulsion in the trade markets had an impact not only among the money traders, but way down among the steel workers and television, shoe and car makers as well. Everyone has been affected by the flood of imports.

Blumenthal might not put it this way, but the reason the US has such an enormous deficit is that it was left in the lurch by its trading friends. When the Carter administration came into office, it announced a new plan to fire up the world's economy, a plan agreed to by all the big industrial nations, including Germany and Japan. The US, being the strongest, would take the first step by stimulating its economy. Soon the others would follow. What happened this year was that Carter and Blumenthal took the first step, but no one followed. The result was that while the US went along its merry way, spending and consuming pretty much as always, Germany and Japan behaved as though they were engaged in a trade war. They used their central money policies to discourage consumer buying at home and to subsidize the prices of goods they exported overseas. In a phrase used by economists, they exported their unemployment to us. (The Germans and Japanese say that the reason their goods have sold so well in the US is that they are better made than ours.) The US tolerated this trade imbalance all year, but Blumenthal has been trying to get the Germans and Japanese to change their monetary policies all the while. He urged them to stimulate domestic consumption and to export less. He talked and waited, but nothing happened. Then, when the dollar began its decline, he sped it along. He hoped this would put more pressure on the Germans and Japanese, by making their goods more expensive every day. Finally things began to happen. Germany adopted a domestic stimulus plan about six weeks ago. It consists chiefly of business and individual tax cuts, and it amounted to about $4.6 billion. At this writing, Japan has not yet decided what it will do, but a new cabinet has been installed and a domestic stimulus plan is expected soon.

Last week the Japanese foreign economics minister, Nobuhiko Ushiba, was summoned to Washington, DC for a harangue on this subject. The Japanese submit to this treatment periodically, and then promise to reform. Blumenthal's stern words earlier in the year produced smiles and promises, but nothing else. Now Carter's trade negotiator, Robert Strauss, is taking a turn at the rack. He may be more adept at this than Blumenthal. He is a tough, pragmatic man of affairs, so useful when bully-work is to be done. (For an assessment of Strauss's role in the Carter administration, see this week's "White House Watch" on page 13.)

When the Japanese arrived in town, they pledged to cut tariffs on 300 items and to get rid of the surplus (about $10 billion) they have saved up this year. Strauss, after four and a half hours of sweaty work on the Japanese, announced that their offer was "considerably less" than what he regarded as a minimum concession. He is at work on them as this is written. The Germans have not been put through the same public humiliation, presumably because their surplus (about $1.8 billion) is smaller and less threatening.

America's trade partners are not being uncooperative out of sheer malice. They are afraid of inflation. When the Japanese and German governments fire up their domestic economies with big spending or tax cut programs, one Treasury official explained, consumers and businessmen begin to fret about inflation. People in these countries are very prudent to begin with. One estimate is that the Japanese save on the average a quarter of their income, while Americans save one twentieth. In addition, the Japanese live with a higher rate of inflation, about 8.5 percent a year. America now has an annual rate of inflation of around 6.5 percent, while Germany has only four percent. All of this makes it difficult to fire up consumer appetites. Last of all, the German and Japanese economies are entirely dependent on imported OPEC oil. The US is 50-percent self-sufficient, meaning that half of its oil payments are recycled through the US economy, not tucked away in OPEC's mattresses. When oil prices go up, the US does not suffer nearly as much as do other industrial countries. The German and Japanese economies are more fragile and much more sensitive to oil inflation than ours is. That is why they would rather not follow Blumenthal's advice about "reflating" domestic business. But they have been given no choice.

What will happen next year if the Blumenthal plan succeeds? Our allies will fire up their economies and inspire their citizens to buy more goods. Exports to the US may decline. Currency traders may stop betting against the dollar. But the big leak in the system will not have been plugged. That leak—the flow of dollars, yen, deutsche marks, pounds and francs into the bank accounts of a few OPEC nations—not only will continue but probably will get bigger. The Germans and Japanese will continue to import oil. If their economies grow, they may even want more of it next year than they used this year.

That raises a curious problem. How will Germany and Japan pay for next year's oil if they cannot earn money by selling goods to the US? They cannot sell goods to the oil suppliers, because the suppliers simply can't buy things fast enough to make up the difference. They can't sell investment schemes to their suppliers because the suppliers would rather put the money in

(continued on page 8)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Right-wingers?

To the editors:

TRB ought to have his mouth washed out with soap—or, more accurately, his typewriter keys scrubbed with "Oven-off." The reason? For stating in his recent column that the "right-wing" Committee on the Present Danger is helping to "sabotage SALT" ("Unplugged Leaks," *TNR*, Nov. 26).

I'll let my own record as a Republican moderate speak for itself. But does TRB realize that he is labelling as "right-wingers" CPD co-chairmen Henry Fowler and Lane Kirkland; executive committee chairman Eugene Rostow; general counsel Max Kampelman; and executive director Charles Tyroler?

Also, such executive committee members Edmund Gullion, Rita Hauser, John Roche, Dean Rusk, and Elmo Zumwalt?

Also, such board members as Sol Chaikin, Evelyn Dubrow, William duChessi, James T. Farrell, Peter Frelinghuysen, Nathan Glazer, Gordon Gray, John Hannah, David Harper, Rachelle Horowitz, Leon Keyserling, Mary Lord, Seymour Martin Lipset, Leonard Marks, George McGhee, Robert McNair, Bess Myerson, Midge Decter Podhoretz, Norman Podhoretz, James Rowe, Bayard Rustin, Albert Shanker, Hobart Taylor, and Edward Bennett Williams?

Come, come TRB. If President Carter's SALT proposal is in trouble, it's not because of opposition from those "right-wingers." It's because it's a very bad proposal.

Charls E. Walker
Washington, DC

(Mr. Walker, a former Deputy Secretary of the Treasury, was a principal organizer of the Committee on the Present Danger and now serves as its treasurer.)

How they won the war

To the editors:

Do get it right, Washington Diarist ("Just for You, Barbara," *TNR*, Dec. 10)! We British simply adored *Upstairs Downstairs* and millions of us watched it weekly, pushing it to the very top of the audience ratings.

It provided compelling drama, beautifully acted, without sacrificing historical accuracy. Moreover, it was shown by ITV (commercial television) and *not* BBC (state-owned) as you would have your readers believe.

The PBS is enhanced by showing it, and your commercial channels should realize one single lesson learnt years ago by their UK counterpart—that purveying drivel-pulp is by no means the only way to win the ratings war.

David Soskin
Harvard Business School

To smoke or not to smoke

To the editors:

Ah, "The Right to Smoke" (*TNR*, Dec. 10) was such a breath of (cough) fresh air. As a pipe smoker whose effluvium is often described as pleasant, even by non-smokers, and as one who finds cigarette smoke irritating, I find the recent CAB ruling as puzzling as it is blatantly discriminatory.

On a recent trip to Kenya (a country which would give Ralph Nader a coronary), it was almost refreshing to see well-used ashtrays even in East African elevators—pity that country hasn't "developed" yet. Of greater amusement was the near riot aboard the British Airways 747 departing Nairobi, wherein seating was assigned by African rules. As my wife and I gratefully exchanged seats in the "back of the bus" with those of more pristine habits, a fellow traveler remarked: "My God, you *want* Smoking!' I know at least six couples who want to be up here."

Dean R. Lambe
Vincent, Ohio

To the editors:

If Secret Service agents were as clever and knowledgeable as your editorialist on the right to smoke, they would have protected President Carter and the Shah of Iran from tear gas by posting signs near them reading "No tear gas behind these signs." These gentlemen would then have been no more inconvenienced by tear gas than I am by the "occasional wisp of smoke" which usually gives me a 24-hour headache after each trip by air which I make.

Even if smoking were entirely prohibited on airplanes, the nonsmoking majority would continue to make remarkable economic concessions to smokers in the form of increased life insurance premiums (about a sixth of deaths are caused by smoking), fire insurance premiums (half of all fires whose cause is known are caused by careless smokers), auto insurance premiums (tobacco amblyopia is a cause of accidents), health insurance premiums and hotel charges (we all pay for cigarette burns on rugs and furniture). Ethics, however, should prevail in a situation like this, and among the ethical points one might consider with respect to smoking sections on aircraft is the effect of the smoke on the infants and children seated in these sections.

Marshall E. Deutsch
Sudbury, Massachusetts

Eugene McCarthy

To the editors:

Your editor's mean-spirited and, to be sure, inaccurate attacks on Robert Kennedy in "The McCarthy Decade" (*TNR*, Dec. 10) did little credit to your magazine or to the article's intended beneficiary. Surely it is possible to deliver encomia to Eugene McCarthy without falsely attacking the dead.

Frank Mankiewicz
Washington, DC

Capitalization

To the editors:

black and white crouch small. *Negro* stands tall. In your reprint of William J. B. Adams' letter (*TNR*, Dec. 3) you have failed to capitalize the pertinent *n*. The progress of civil rights in 1940 was marked by an extraordinary victory: adoption, officially, by *The New York Times* of the capital N for the word Negro. The NAACP had been fighting for years for this mark of grammatical respect. If I am not right about any of this, my name is

frank lichtensteiger
New York, New York

In reply:

A perusal of some stylebooks carries the point for Mr. Lichtensteiger. We stand corrected.

The editors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mattresses. What will happen? Germany and Japan will either find new customers for their exports or go into debt, like everyone else. That's a puzzle Blumenthal can work on when the dollar stops its slide.

It's My Party

Kenneth Curtis has tendered his resignation as chairman of the Democratic National Committee. When he told the President he was packing it in, Mr. Carter asked if there was anything else he'd like to do in the administration, and Curtis said no thanks. The quiet, genial former governor is going home to Maine to practice law and get some peace of mind.

Next to Bert Lance, Curtis is the highest ranking administration official to depart. In announcing his resignation, he was faithful to the Washington ethic: leave quietly, keep your discontent to yourself and maybe you'll get to come back on a better day to a better job. Curtis also tried to preserve the impression that he was not being forced out, which technically is true. But it's a fact that this very decent, competent man is leaving town a lot sooner than he ever intended, and with his reputation a bit tarnished. It's also true that his year on the job was filled with more confrontation and backbiting than he ever anticipated. And it's by no means certain that the undoing of Kenneth Curtis will alleviate the problems that led to it.

One problem at the DNC is money. It's not unusual for the Democrats to be in debt; throughout the Nixon-Ford years, they saw nothing but red ink. What is unusual is for the party in the White House to be unable to raise money, which is the case right now. At the Republican National Committee and the Republican Campaign Committee, things are going along swimmingly—so well in fact that the GOP expects to be able to provide 1978 congressional candidates with the maximum contributions allowable under the law. Under Bill Brock, the RNC has begun new efforts to spot races where a party investment will pay off, and to reach potential black voters. The Republicans believe these efforts will dwarf anything the Democrats will be able to do. They may be right.

Meanwhile at the DNC, the debt is $2.5 million, big-event fundraisers at both ends of the country recently came up short of expectations and returns from a direct mail appeal signed by President Carter and sent unpropitiously just before the holidays are running below projections. Party bigwigs have been asked to guarantee notes to meet the payroll, and when Curtis resigned, 20 staffers were notified they are out of work after the first of the year. At the same time, *Newsday* reported that Joel McCleary, 29-year-old Carterite who was installed as DNC treasurer, is drawing a $1000 monthly clothing allowance (on top of a salary of $36,000). McCleary needs the extra money, it is said, so that he can dress well enough to fraternize with Democratic fat cats. According to DNC insiders, McCleary's fundraising operations are costing out at about 50 to 60 cents for every dollar raised. But McCleary was appointed by Carter, not Curtis. He comes with the territory, so changing chairmen at the DNC will do nothing to help the financial bind. Democratic contributors, particularly Jewish contributors stunned by the President's Middle East contortions, are unhappy with Carter, not Curtis.

Another of the beefs against the outgoing chairman was that compared to his flashy predecessor Robert Strauss, Curtis made democracy too easy. Consider the Panama Canal debacle, which apparently contributed to Curtis' unpopularity at the White House. To offset a resolution rejecting the treaties orchestrated by Reaganites on the Republican National Committee, the White House drafted a resolution of full support for the October meeting of the DNC. Evidently, the purpose of the resolution was to prop up some wavering Democratic senators who are looking for support on a tough vote wherever they can find it. At the connivance of the Canal Zone delegation and with the support of DNC members from the Deep South (where a little White House lobbying might have helped) the resolution was watered down. What came out was a statement of support for "the ratification process," which was interpreted by the press as a partial rejection of the President's position. For that, Curtis took the rap—too easygoing, too ineffectual, it was said.

But it was a bum rap. The idea for an essentially meaningless endorsement of the treaties originated in the White House. If it ran into trouble, the White House, not Curtis, had the obligation to lobby it through the DNC. They sought a victory they didn't need and wound up with a defeat made more embarrassing by the attempt to make Curtis the scapegoat.

There is a lesson from the Panama Canal episode, but it has nothing to do with Kenneth Curtis. This is simply not the same national committee apparatus that operated at presidential whim in the days of John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. It has tripled in size, it's more democratically constituted and selected, all meetings are open to press and public, and regular financial reports are a required part of the agenda. Most of the current members were not "charter Carterites" in 1976, and they are unaccustomed to the role of rubber stamp. In short, over the past eight years, DNC members have grown used to having their say and being listened to. Give a body like this a chance to register itself on matters of national policy, and the White House had better be prepared to take its lumps regardless of whom it installs as chairman.

When Curtis arrived, he had assurances from the President that the DNC was his show to run. But the in-party chairmanship has always been a caretaker slot,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an extension of the White House. Despite changes in the committee itself over the past few years, Mr. Carter's men obviously want to keep it that way. So Curtis was bedeviled from day one by reports that the White House was dissatisfied with his performance. For the most part, these reports were not dug up by enterprising reporters. They were initiated by presidential aides whose heads teem with strange longings and quaint fancies and whom Carter permitted to deal over the head of the chairman with both the party and the press. It was frustrating to Curtis who wasn't used to such treatment, and when he left, he made public his feeling that the party chairmanship under Jimmy Carter wasn't really a job worth having.

Whoever succeeds Curtis—and there is already a short list circulating in political Washington—faces three very important tasks in 1978. Up first, early next year, is the report of the Winograd Commission on party rules. As a candidate, Jimmy Carter gave unqualified endorsement to the present rules, and some supposed that the Presidential message to this newest reform commission would be to leave things as they are. As Bert Lance used to say, "If it's not broke, don't fix it." Instead, the White House position on the Commissison has been to try to build in a little protection for an incumbent President, and if that view prevails, it's bound to cause a battle royal on the DNC.

The next major test will be the mid-term elections, and here the Democrats are running against one of the best established trends in American politics: at mid-term, the party in power loses seats. It doesn't always happen that way, but the special elections held over the past year confirm that something like that is underway. Also, most Democrats in Congress ran ahead of Jimmy Carter in 1976 and already many have come to view the administration as an electoral liability. Among Democrats, there is talk about only holding their own in 1978, a sign of trying to cut the losses early.

Finally, there is the post-election mid-term policy conference scheduled for Memphis. Those who originated this idea back when the Vietnam War was a priority item on LBJ's agenda looked to it as an opportunity for a grassroots policy review midway through a presidential term. At the White House, they hope for a benign gathering, and the rules have been tilted to include a batch of party leaders and elected officials. But what happens next December in Memphis will depend more on how it goes for the President in Congress and with the American public in the first nine months of 1978 than on the composition of the assembly.

So it's a tough agenda for the new chairman, and there's liable to be plenty of blame to go around this time next year. Then, of course, there's always the debt and the fact that those unrestrained enterprising presidential assistants still have agendas of their own dancing in their heads and telephones with White House numbers. Whoever is offered the job ought to have a long, private talk with Ken Curtis, before he or she agrees to take it, then go over to the White House and get a job description from Jimmy Carter—in writing.

The special senility of the diplomat.

Mr. X[2]

There is perhaps only one institution which the United States might have the confidence to borrow from Britain: the House of Lords. Into a House of Lords one could—and would—at the appropriate moment drop someone like—well, George F. Kennan.

George F. Kennan—the famous diplomat.

George F. Kennan—the former ambassador to Moscow.

George F. Kennan—one of the authors of the script of the Cold War, especially in the article he contributed to *Foreign Affairs* in 1947 under the pseudonym of "Mr. X."

George F. Kennan—who is now old.

George F. Kennan—still a high priest of the establishment.

If the United States had a House of Lords, it could put him out to pasture there. He could make speeches about the increasing incidence of dry rot in the wainscotting of old New England houses, or the suitability of wattle fences in Wyoming. He would not be allowed to talk about Russia.

Old men can be very dangerous. They do not, as is thought by the vulgar, try to win their old battles. They try to lose them again. George F. Kennan recently spoke to the Council on Foreign Relations in Washington, asking that America should now be particularly nice to Russia. "George F. Kennan Urges a New Vision of Russia," was the headline to a lengthy extract in *The Washington Post*. Trustworthy Russia, George F. Kennan says in effect. Friendly Russia. Rather cuddly Russia. *"The Soviet Union remains, of course, an authoritarian state."* How airily that "of course" dismisses the facts. On the same day in which his speech appeared in *The Washington Post*, there was a front-page report from Moscow in *The New York Times*: "The Soviet Union, on United Nations Human Rights Day, placed more than 20 dissidents under house arrest today. . . , and officially threatened to have 'drunken hooligans' break up a silent demonstration in Pushkin Square." But why be too much concerned? Such things are a matter of course.

"The regime is headed by a moderate, in fact conservative man; a man who, whatever other failings of outlook he may have, is a man of the middle." He is talking of Leonid Brezhnev. One turned back to *The New York Times*. "A few nonpar-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ticipants who stood by watching the Human Rights vigil wiped tears from their eyes." Andrei Sakharov was warned not to attend; so were Alexander Ivanchenko and Yuri Grimm. Those put under house arrest included the writer Georgi Vladimov, the electrical engineer Vladimir Slepak, and mathematician Naum Meinam, and the wives of two other dissidents, Alexander Ginsburg and Yuri Orlov. At least four dissidents tried to leave their homes to take part in the vigil, and were at once taken into custody. Moderate Mr. Brezhnev. Friendly Mr. Brezhnev.

What matters in all this is the rhetoric. George F. Kennan opposes those who, like the Committee on the Present Danger, think that Russia today poses an immediate military threat to the United States, and it is not my purpose here to take part in that debate. My interest is in what an old man of the establishment then wants to do. He wants to achieve "a more workable consensus behind our policy towards the Soviet Union." When I hear the word "consensus," in such a context, I reach for my water pistol. It is always the conviction of the George F. Kennans, which seems to grow stronger with their own debilitation, that a consensus may somehow be manufactured to paste over differences.

He then proposes—and listen carefully: "a series of private gatherings in which would be included not only high-level policy-makers of the moment but leading members of this opposition [*i.e.*, the Committee on the Present Danger], as well as possibly a few others of us who are interested in Russian affairs." In other words, policy is again to be determined in private gatherings of an elite, the differences once more ironed out in secret: the same old, how very old elite; the Council on Foreign Relations given a new lease of life. But we should surely by now be able to agree that an elite consensus on foreign policy is probably the most dangerous way of conducting a country's relations with the world.

What George F. Kennan is proposing is the politics of senility, and one means by that the particular senility of the diplomat. Since diplomats are meant to make terms with foreign powers, and are not always very successful at it, they spend their old age saying that now is the time to make terms. It is one of the graciousnesses of old people in private life that they try to make peace with everyone. They tidy up their papers. But precisely for that reason we should beware of the old man who wishes to tidy up the world before he leaves it, and especially to tidy up his own record as a diplomat. Blessed are the peacemakers, but not when they are senile. They look for consensus at the cost of reality.

Notice:

We will omit next week's issue (December 31).

George F. Kennan may be described now as "Mr. X^2" trying to square the account of "Mr. X" from 1947. The article of "Mr. X" was called "The Sources of Soviet Conduct." Its essential argument was that the West should "confront the Russians with unalterable counterforce at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceable and stable world." This policy he defined as one of "containment." In the telegram that he sent from Moscow to the Department of State on September 8, 1952, he said that Moscow wages "partial wars," involving "the elastic and opportunistic use of a wide variety of tactics including outstandingly such things as deception, concealed penetration and subversion, psychological war, and above all the adroit exploitation of every conceivable form of division in capitalist society." The curious fact about this description is that there is not much of it that needs altering today.

Yet for many years now George F. Kennan has interminably argued that by "containment" and "counterforce" he did not necessarily mean a military response. "Mr. X^2" is the revisionist historian of the views of "Mr. X." Yet in the conditions of 1947, "containment" and "counterforce" were certain to be interpreted in only one way. Dean Acheson put it well when he said: "George reminded me of an old horse my father used to have that would pull our buggy around. We'd go over an old clapboard bridge and the horse would stop to turn round to see the noise he was making. Of course when he stopped the noise stopped. Then he would go faster, and more noise, of course; stop, turn round again, and so forth, until he got across the bridge, never realizing what the stir was about."

Stalin died in 1953, the same year in which Dean Acheson withdrew George F. Kennan from the Soviet Union in anticipation of his expulsion, because the Russians were infuriated by some of the ambassador's observations about life in Moscow. Stalin's death and his own resignation from the Foreign Service became events of parallel importance in his own mind. He still has a unique gift for interpreting the history of Russia in terms of his own life. In his recent speech in Washington, for example, he noticed that the Soviet Union was created 60 years ago, that exactly half-way through that period he wrote his "Mr. X" article, and that now at the end of the period he has his new vision of Russia. Russia must be very grateful that George F. Kennan has been there all along, guiding it to the "middle ground" which he thinks it now occupies. Soviet historians are adept at rewriting history, but they have not yet got round to putting him at its center, where he clearly ought to be.

Anyhow it is since 1953 that "Mr. X^2" has been assiduously trying to get ahead of the revisionists in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tidying up the record of "Mr. X." The death of Stalin is of great convenience to him, since he can show that the Soviet Union changed exactly when he left it.

But there have been consistencies in his views. He has always believed that foreign policy should be based only on calculations of national interest. He is not much bothered that Russia or any other country is an authoritarian state because, as he said on July 11th this year, he knows of "no evidence that 'democracy,' or what we picture to ourselves under that word, is the natural state of most of mankind." It always has had "a narrow base in time and space." This not only makes it easy for him to join with Pepsico, Coca Cola, Control Data Corp., and El Paso Natural Gas, who are not much concerned whether a country is authoritarian, to ask last year for a less suspicious attitude to Russia; it also enables him to write off wide areas of the world, such as Africa, as being beyond the real concerns of the United States. What is common is that policy should be based on an arbitrary drawing of spheres of interests between the great powers, and "Mr. X"'s policy of containment of Russia has been converted into one of the self-containment of the United States.

This lack of confidence in democratic institutions and his natural preference for spheres of interest has led him to make some outlandish proposals. On March 15, 1948, he argued that the Communists were likely to win the forthcoming elections in Italy; that the Italian government should therefore be persuaded to outlaw the Communist party; that this would undoubtedly lead to civil war; that the allies would then probably have to reoccupy Italy; that there would be much violence; that the Russians would presumably then intervene; that the result would no doubt be a military division of Italy; but that this would at least be preferable to ceding all of Italy to the Communists by one coup at the elections.

At every stage, this prediction was false. But there is among his papers an even more startling idea. He argued at the end of World War II that Germany had never shown itself capable of democratic government; that it had enjoyed orderly government only under a strong monarchy, supported by a powerful upper class. It followed that the allies should seek the restoration of the monarchy in Germany, which leaves one asking with more than incredulity: "What monarchy?"

This lack of confidence in democracy has its parallel in the elitism of his proposals for the conduct of foreign policy. "He still keeps looking for a Tory party in America," says someone who has followed his career, "but there isn't one for him to find."

It is Kennan's attitude to Russia that matters most. He is obsessed by it, whether it is to "contain" it, or now to come to more accord with it. Many of his views of Russia were gathered in the 1920s from Russian emigres, and were afterwards reinforced by his experiences in Central Europe. What he learned from them both was, not so much an anti-Bolshevism, but the age-old view of Russia, its huge plains, its great sky, its vast spaces, its innumerable, patient people, lying there on the edge of Europe, primitive and barbaric, maybe, but this primitiveness and barbarism giving it, in almost Spenglerian terms, some secret, mystical power.

When he talks of the conservatism of today's Russian leaders, he is really talking of the timeless conservatism of the czarist state, ruling over one of the great "heartlands" of the world, which has so fascinated the Western mind, and it is perhaps not irrelevant that George F. Kennan was a young man when McKinder's theory of the great "heartlands," as the determining "geopolitical" reality in world politics, was fashionable. But the obsession with Russia is precisely what the United States seems to have been freeing itself from, and the obsession should not be revived by an old man who is still squaring his own account with history. There may not be much to say for the Committee on the Present Danger, but there is danger also in the views of a one-man Committee on Past Concerns.

Henry Fairlie

Even if Sadat gets the prizes.

Begin, the Winner

On the eve of his departure for the United States last week, Menahem Begin granted an interview to Flora Lewis of *The New York Times*, who noted repeatedly in her account that Begin seemed elated, chatty, grinning and buoyant. "Why shouldn't I be in a good mood?" he asked, and one cannot think of a single reason. Anwar Sadat may be everybody's favorite to win the Nobel Peace Prize and be selected *Time*'s Man of the Year, but in the ongoing sweepstakes of international politics, where awards go to those who win lots and give little, the hands-down champion for 1977 is Menahem Begin of Israel. Unless he is smitten with hubris or otherwise overplays his hand and loses big, he stands on the verge of achieving all the main goals of Israeli diplomacy: a peace with Egypt, elimination of an Arab military threat against Israel, continued rich support from the United States, isolation of Syria, emasculation of the Palestine Liberation Organization, reduction of Soviet influence in the Middle East, restoration of Jordan as a negotiating partner on terms for a West Bank settlement and retention of secure borders. Begin will have to give up some captured territory to achieve his ends, but Israel probably will get peace on its terms and without returning to its 1967 borders or agreeing to a Palestinian state. Needless to say, Begin also is emerging a domestic hero.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Begin could not have accomplished his triumphs without some help from President Carter, but it was unwitting—the product of Carter's freshman-year ineptitude that scared Sadat into dramatic independent action. The Carter administration's insistence on reconvening the Geneva conference to reach a comprehensive Middle East settlement threatened to give veto power to the hardest-line parties on the Arab side, Syria and the Palestinians. The way the United States wanted negotiations to proceed, Egypt would have been blocked from making peace with Israel until Syria had the Golan Heights and the Palestinians had an independent state in the West Bank—which is to say, never. The United States seemed bent on lengthening the odds against peace by favoring maximum representation of the views of the PLO, if not PLO personalities, and by inviting the Soviet Union to take an active role as well as a ceremonial one.

There was going to be a bustup at Geneva, perhaps followed by a war, and Sadat could see it coming, even if Zbigniew Brzezinski could not. Sadat's flight to Jerusalem was an effort to leap-frog the trouble, but it also was an act of choice. Sadat picked Egypt's national welfare and his own political well-being within Egypt ahead of his responsibilities as a leader of the broader Arab cause. In Jerusalem, he gave Israel (and Begin) two long-sought breakthroughs which other Arab countries had sought to withhold: recognition of Israel's right to exist and the initiation of face-to-face negotiations. Syrian President Assad and PLO leader Arafat then did Israel the favor of joining the wildmen of the Arab rejection front in threats to punish Sadat, thereby liberating the Egyptian leader from their influence.

Sadat owes no thanks for anything to Syria and the PLO. So why shouldn't he get what he can for Egypt in his talks with the Israelis, and forget them? Israel will try to entice him with offers he cannot refuse: the Sinai, peace, popularity, the chance for economic development. Egypt may be in line for Israeli technical assistance, and investment that Israel may be able to inspire from the United States and elsewhere. In return, Begin has achieved peace with Egypt, without whose forces the Arabs are incapable of fighting a real war.

Israel, Egypt and the United States all maintain that they continue to be working for a comprehensive Middle East settlement, and they are. But they are proceeding far differently from the way the United States intended. After an embarrassing pause, the Carter administration was forced to reconsider over the Thanksgiving weekend how to remain active in Middle East diplomacy. Secretary of State Vance and Brzezinski reportedly wanted to continue looking toward a Geneva conference as before, while Vice President Mondale argued for a US role as supporter of the Begin-Sadat beginnings. Mondale won, and the Israelis are delighted at the turn in American intentions. Brzezinski, the conceptualizer, subsequently described the new US policy in terms of "concentric circles," but it is really little different from Henry Kissinger's old "step by step."

Will there be a next step? This always was the problem with the Kissinger policy. Despair about establishing self-sustaining momentum after small initial steps is what inspired the Carter people to think comprehensively. However, an Egyptian-Israeli deal would be a big step, and would focus attention immediately on Jordan and the future of the West Bank. Secret talks between King Hussein and Moshe Dayan already have taken place, but it is not clear whether they have reached the stage of "negotiations." The Israelis mention various possibilities for a West Bank settlement: the "partition" idea floated last week by Dayan and temporary "joint trusteeship" (with Israeli security control) are two possibilities. An Israeli-Jordanian accord for the West Bank fell apart in 1969—each side blames the other for backing out—but this time there is presumably more incentive on each side to make an agreement work. At the moment, PLO prestige is at a low ebb. A failure to reach agreement might allow time for radical nationalist groups to stage a comeback.

Begin's purpose in requesting a meeting with Carter was to align the two nations' step-by-circle policies and to show the world that Israel thinks the US still has a big role to play in the Middle East. The Israelis reportedly want the United States to impose a "Pax Americana" on the region, supporting and guaranteeing a "winners' coalition" consisting of Israel, Egypt, Jordan and Saudi Arabia. The left-out "losers" would be the Soviet Union, the rejection front, the PLO and Syria.

The United States and Israel differ on the proper role Syria's Assad should play. Carter was reportedly impressed by Assad when they met in Geneva this May. Brzezinski has said that Syria played a "restrained" role at the confab of anti-Sadat Arabs in Tripoli, Libya. Administration officials point out that Syria tacitly accepts Israel's right to exist and has been willing in the past to negotiate at Geneva. Israel, on the other hand, regards Syria's regime as a Soviet puppet and an opponent of peace. In what seems an air of riding very high, the Israelis apparently are unwilling to negotiate with Syria unless it changes its government. With the

Notice to Our Readers

Due to heavy increases in the costs of printing, paper, postage and salaries, the subscription price of *The New Republic* will rise on January 1, 1978 to $24 per year, or to 50 cents per issue. The regular subscription price is a savings of $24 over the newsstand price, which will be $1 per copy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arabs splitting apart, the Israelis apparently see no need to contemplate giving back the Golan Heights in order to get a settlement on other fronts.

Last January, the Ford administration went out of office and Carter came in predicting 1977 would be the year of peace in the Middle East. Lo and behold, it has turned out that way, but not as anyone foresaw. The Arabs wanted to use the United States to muscle Israel. The Carter administration thought a "crunch" would be necessary with Israel. Israel, in response, elected as prime minister its toughest, most uncompromising hawk, and he seems on the verge of producing a peace that no dove could have.

Morton Kondracke

White House Watch

Resurrection

When told that this report was to be about the resurrection of Robert Strauss, a White House assistant cracked, "Whattaya mean, resurrection? Bob Strauss has never been crucified." The tone suggested that he should have been. In a way, though, the remark was correct. Most accounts, including his own, of Strauss's life and career convey the impression of a steady rise from childhood in the only Jewish family in the rural town of Stamford, Texas, a state where to this day being Jewish, rich or poor (and Strauss has been both), can be particularly painful, socially and otherwise. His present eminence as a valued friend and counsellor of Jimmy Carter and, somewhat incidentally, as the President's Special Trade Representative, and his prior success as a Texas lawyer and a national politician, have not obliterated the memory of his origins. At a recent White House discussion of Carter foreign policy, Strauss barked at a pedagoguish member of the National Security Council staff, "If you'd been raised as one of the only two Jewish kids in Stamford, Texas, you wouldn't need anybody to tell you about human rights." The other kid in Stamford was his brother Ted (for Theodore), who is chairman of the biggest bank in Dallas. Bob Strauss is the chief stockholder in a suburban Dallas bank, a co-owner of a family radio station in Tucson and a founder of one of the biggest and most prosperous law firms in Texas and the Southwest.

There nevertheless have been low points, beginning with his experience as a son of a drygoods store proprietor who learned the hard way that trying to undersell a local competitor who was trying to undersell the J.C. Penney bargain store chain was not a way to get rich. More recent lows have come when Strauss was treasurer of the Democratic National Committee and it was spending $100,000 a month and taking in practically nothing, and later when hostile Democrats including supporters of Jimmy Carter but not Carter himself almost did him out of the DNC chairmanship in 1972. After Strauss as DNC treasurer had comprehended its desperate financial condition in 1970, he suggested to other committee officials and employees that they take out a group life insurance policy and decide by lot who should jump out of a window.

Strauss as Special Trade Representative is mainly though, to his sorrow, not solely responsible for trade negotiations with other countries. His performance in that capacity is incidental to this account, which is principally concerned with his remarkable transformation from presumed enemy to intimate friend of Jimmy Carter and with his extracurricular services to and relationship with the President. He *is* the trade negotiator, however. It is an important job, his success or failure in it could have a good deal to do with the success or failure of the Carter presidency, and that aspect therefore cannot be ignored.

After Carter decided in March to nominate Strauss as his Special Trade Representative, Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal indicated to other people that he was unhappy. Blumenthal, an industrialist who had represented the US at critical trade negotiations, sided with professional economists and international trade specialists who felt that one of them should have the job. Blumenthal continues to be one of the detractors of Strauss who recognize his talents as a politician and fixer but minimize his importance and role in substantive economic and other policy processes. It's their way of cloaking their regret that he has any role. Carter sided with advisers who held that in these times of rising US protectionism the central problem is domestic and political and that a proven political negotiator is needed. Professional purists among international economists and foreign trade specialists in and out of government continue to deplore the choice of Strauss. Lacking competence to judge, I rely upon the judgment of two economists and a White House assistant. Myer Rashish, a consulting economist in Washington who was an assistant to President Kennedy and who hoped for a time to be the Carter administration's deputy trade representative in Geneva, says despite being passed over that Strauss was an excellent choice and has done an excellent job. Robert Hormats, formerly chief economist on the NSC staff and now at the State Department, might have been expected to oppose the choice of Strauss and probably would have done so if he'd been consulted in March. Hormats said on December 14: "I have concluded that the Strauss pick was one of the most brilliant choices the President has made. Without him, the Multilateral Trade Negotiations [the current "Tokyo Round" of efforts to reach a new General

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Agreement on Tariffs and Trade] would be nothing. He almost single-handedly revived the trade negotiations." The director of Carter's domestic policy staff and the White House assistant with whom Strauss works most closely on substantive matters, Stuart Eizenstat, said on December 13: "He has been enormously effective as trade representative for several reasons. First, because he is a doer. Second, because he has an unwavering knack of finding that right balance between doing nothing and being overly protectionist. That is exceedingly difficult, given the current climate of heavy protectionist influence. Thirdly, he has such good contacts with Congress. He knows what will sell and won't sell. Most of these proposals [for or against trade restrictions] come to us from the International Trade Commission with a recommendation which is normally protectionist. That is the commission's orientation. The President can overturn the ITC's finding, but Congress can overturn the President's judgment and reinstate the ITC's judgment. Bob Strauss has the knack of going up to the Hill and finding out just how far we have to go to avoid the embarrassment and counterproductiveness of having the President overruled and an even more protectionist plan put into effect." In support of his judgment, Eizenstat cited recent and limited arrangements for protection of US shoe, television set and sugar producers. Although Eizenstat gave Strauss more credit than he generally gets for ability to absorb the technical complexities of international trade, he understood that Strauss tells his staff professionals, "Don't load me with too many of the details. Just give me enough of the substance so that I can make some sense about it." Strauss has said to friends, "I'm going to come out of this a great man. I don't understand most of it, but I've got good people who do." Some of the aforementioned purists think he has a mediocre professional staff. During inquiries for this report, I noticed that I was encouraged to deal with Strauss and never heard from the professionals. Probably I didn't try hard enough, Strauss being the central subject anyhow.

"The ultimate dealer, the ultimate operator," a White House character called Strauss the other day in trying to explain his standing with the President. This sort of praise, if that's what it is, has to do with Strauss's reputation for being usefully close to such congressional magnificos as House Speaker Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill of Massachusetts, Senate finance committee chairman Russell Long of Louisiana, Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia, and Senator Abraham Ribicoff, a Strauss friend and supporter who manages to preserve his identity as a liberal Democrat while being as protectionist in trade matters as his industrial constituents in Connecticut require him to be. During the very casual confirmation of Strauss's nomination in March, Long and Ribicoff were among the finance committee members who did their best, partly successful at least in rhetorical terms, to commit Strauss to a fundamentally protectionist approach and, beyond that, to the proposition that Congress and not the President has the right and power to determine international trade policy. It has the power, beyond doubt. More resistance than Strauss demonstrated to the notion that Congress has the right might be constructive from the standpoint of Carter or any President.

Strauss has the powerful friends in Congress that he is said to have. Hear Speaker O'Neill, when asked if he really regards Strauss as highly as he's supposed to: "Oh, yeah. There's no question about that. You know, he's the guy you gotta give credit for putting the Democratic Party back in shape in 1972 [the McGovern year]. He did just a great job [as DNC chairman] and everybody loves him for that. He's an extrovert and I love him for that [laughing]. He's always so confident of himself that he can do anything when he wants to pitch in anywhere and, by God, every time he says he can help, he can help." John Steen, a spokesman for Russell Long, says that Long's relationship with Strauss "is fantastic" and that Long, like O'Neill, admires the job Strauss did in putting the party together after the McGovern debacle. But the inquirer runs into difficulty in trying to track Bob Strauss on the Hill—who he's seen about what and what good he did.

Two reasons for the difficulty are offered. In declining to explain what seemed to be a certain disinterest in communication with Strauss, O'Neill said that "when you are putting a package together, you don't talk about who you've talked to along the line." Senator Long's man, John Steen, said when asked for proof that Strauss actually has been working as vigorously and effectively with Long on energy legislation as he is said at the White House to have been doing: "The Senator has been holding his cards very close to his vest. He is just not putting out the details of who he has seen. They [Long and Strauss] have to be talking, but I have not seen Bob Strauss's name on the Senator's schedule. You just have to assume that they have been getting together." Steen then got to the nub of the problem, from a White House reporter's view: "Of course, Mr. Strauss has been keeping a very low profile. I don't think he wants to upstage Schlesinger, he doesn't want to cause problems."

That last remark was very true. Upstaging Secretary of Energy James R. Schlesinger and Carter's chief White House lobbyist, Frank Moore, is the last thing Strauss wants to appear to be doing. He says and they say that they are the principal actors, he only a supporting player in the congressional battles for energy legislation suitable to Carter, the pending Panama Canal treaties and other critical administration projects. That's partly though not entirely tosh. Schlesinger, who was branded by one of his former Presidents, Gerald Ford, as an inherently incompetent negotiator with Congress, appears to have learned a lot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robert Strauss by Vint Lawrence

during the agonies of the energy battles and is getting praise for his recent work on the Hill that this reporter has never previously known him to get.

Strauss speaks partly, maybe mostly, for effect when he plays down his role and plays up the role and abilities of Frank Moore, probably the least regarded of the Georgians on Carter's senior staff. But there is some truth and a penetrating insight into Carter in what Strauss says in this connection: "I think Frank Moore is the most underrated fellow around the President. People like me and others at the White House deserve some of the blame—and maybe the President deserves more of the blame than any of us—for Frank's difficulties with Congress. The President just isn't a trading President. I mean: I'll swap you this for that; I need some help and what can I do for you? So Frank has had to go on the Hill with an empty sack, and that's contrary to the way politics has been done. A lot of people in Congress are beginning to understand this and to respect him for what he's been able to do in spite of it." Strauss proceeds to argue that Carter in his first year has learned that he's got to compromise with Congress and is compromising more than he thought he'd have to do when he came up from Georgia. The contradiction between this and what he'd said about Moore's problems may be more apparent than real. Strauss could be telling Carter that he should demand something worthwhile more often than he's generally been doing, in return for compromise.

How and why Bob Strauss and Jimmy Carter came to be the warm friends and intimate collaborators they unquestionably are is simply explained. There was a time, when Carter was Governor of Georgia and Strauss was treasurer and then chairman of the Democratic National Committee in the early 1970s, when they were useful to each other and tolerated each other, maybe even mildly liked each other, but didn't really need each other. During most of that time, right into the primary season of 1976, when Strauss as the party chairman was officially impartial, Strauss preferred any one of three Carter rivals for the Democratic nomination: Senators Henry Jackson, Hubert Humphrey or, leastly but necessarily because he was a Texan, Lloyd Bentsen. That was not the sort of thing that would normally endear either Carter or born-again Carterites to anybody. One of the latter said not long ago of Bob Strauss: "Never forget, he'd screw you for a dime." During most of that time, too, Strauss first laughed at Carter's candidacy, then reasoned that he must be going for the vice presidential nomination, and conceded only after his primary victory in New Hampshire that he just might be a long shot for the presidential nomination. After Carter won the conclusive primary victories in 1976 and became a sure shot for the nomination, they began to recognize that they needed each other and began to warm up to each other.

The core of Strauss's explanation for the rapport that has developed since the nomination is that Carter and his people always realized that, despite his preferences for others, he never cheated on Carter or any other candidate during his chairmanship. A DNC employee in that time recalls Strauss opening staff meetings by saying in characteristic Strauss language: "Now look, you sons of bitches, everybody thinks I'm for somebody, and against all the others. Well, of course I'm for somebody, but as Bob Strauss, not as the chairman of this party. And don't you ever forget it." Strauss says that Carter several times assured him in person that he, Carter, trusted Strauss as chairman and told him to pay no attention to complaints from the Carter staff. The proof that Carter didn't suspect Strauss of cheating, and believed he played fair is the manifest fact that Strauss otherwise wouldn't be anywhere near Jimmy Carter today. Strauss is pretty close, closer than some of the White House Georgians care to recognize. Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter and their daughter Amy have had Sunday dinner—the Carters would say supper—with Bob and Helen Strauss at their Watergate apartment in Washington. At an impromptu and unannounced dinner the Carters gave in the White House mansion December 12 for visiting Georgia friends and a few members of the immediate Carter staff, with their wives, the only non-members of that staff were Strauss and economic adviser Charles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schultze, with their wives.

Beyond mutual need and trust, two other explanations of the Carter-Strauss rapport are intriguing. One of them is that Strauss the cussing, joking, wheeling extrovert appeals to Jimmy Carter, the private and rather withdrawn and usually restrained introvert. Georgia contemporaries remember a different and personally looser Jimmy, but that's by the way. The second explanation is the characteristic that Jimmy Carter displays publicly with his wry references to the time when the media ignored his candidacy and his few supporters around the country had a hard job filling their living rooms with potential voters. As one of his close and senior associates puts it, Jimmy Carter relishes having around him people who made and have acknowledged that mistake.

John Osborne

Pretenders to the Throne, I

Big Jim

by Ken Bode

Last year there were 25,000 welfare abortions in Illinois, at a cost to the taxpayers of about $3.3 million. Last month, the state legislature—both houses controlled by Democrats—put a stop to that. No more public aid funds for elective abortions, it said. LeRoy Lemke, a cog in the Chicago Democratic Machine, led the fight in the Senate. "The taxpayers don't want to have their dollars used for something immoral, killing a child," he said. The vote in both houses was lopsided. It had to be, because this was the second time the legislators voted to deny state funds for abortions to women on public aid. This time they needed a three-fifths majority to override the veto of Republican Governor Jim Thompson.

Most of Thompson's first 11 months in the statehouse at Springfield have been uncontentious, marked by a cautious, eye-on-the-ball approach designed to secure his two most important goals, a balanced budget and a tough crime bill. Thompson campaigned hard on both issues in 1976, and because he's now serving only a two-year term—occasioned by a constitutional change to get state elections out of the presidential cycle—he wanted both objectives locked up before running for a full term next year.

Equipped with a set of charts, tables and a blackboard pointer, Thompson conducted 21 budget briefings around the state. Accusing his predecessor, Democrat Dan Walker, of "reckless overspending and fiscal quackery," he convinced both the public and the legislature that they had three options—a balanced budget, new taxes or bankruptcy. The assembly, which normally appropriates more money than it expects to be available, then counts on the governor to cut it back, accepted Thompson's budget. With increasing revenues, Illinois will be back in the black next year. The crime package, setting mandatory minimum sentences and no parole for a group of felonies branded "Class X," ran into competition from a Democratic version of the same idea during the regular session of the legislature, but passed substantially as Thompson wanted it in a special session held in October.

Thompson's easygoing, conciliatory, aw-shucks style has gone over well in Springfield, partly as a contrast to the steely confrontation and battling that marked Walker's four years. "I think of myself as a pragmatic fellow," he says. "My number-one goal was to get through the first legislative session, so we only put in what we really wanted. Then I devoted my time to working with the legislature and did little else until that was accomplished. I'm a rookie governor, and I didn't want to bite off more than I could chew." Thompson also says that he avoids criticizing 10-month incumbents, but he sees in his own success where Jimmy Carter has gone wrong. Too much ambitious legislation dumped into a slow-moving institution, then not enough attention to follow-through.

Thompson's modest approach to government—along with a winning margin of 1.4 million votes, the largest in Illinois history—have made him an object of interest in some GOP circles. A doctor's son with an enthusiastic flair for politics, Thompson is at home in flannel shirt and boots campaigning in the mud at county fairs, as well as in pinstripes and what he terms his "presidential red" tie in the banks and boardrooms of Illinois Republican politics. Either place, at 6'6" and 220 pounds, he's a hard man to overlook. And at age 41,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thompson is not one to turn aside ambition. He once proclaimed that he has wanted to be President from the age of 11 (a fact herewith published for the thousandth time) and has admitted that he's interested in the nomination of 1980 (a fact that will hound him all over Illinois in his re-election bid next year). The day of his inauguration, Thompson won high marks for forthrightness on this score from Paul Harvey, the conservative radio commentator who is beamed into every barbershop and pickup cab in middle America. "At least there is one honest politician left," Harvey said.

Others of Paul Harvey's stripe are certain that Thompson is after the top job, but claim that he can never win the Republican nomination. Here's the way one GOP strategist sizes it up: "With the backing of no one in the Republican establishment, Ronald Reagan came within 59 votes of unseating an incumbent President—and in the process his people took over a few more state party organizations. Now the money, the energy, the issues and the growth potential are all with the right. And Jim Thompson is part of the Nelson Rockefeller-Chuck Percy wing of the party. Besides, he has a tendency to push people's hot buttons."

"Hot buttons" refers to items like Thompson's position on medicaid abortions. When that bill arrived at Thompson's desk, he was advised that a veto would be politically unwise, and probably couldn't be sustained. Gerald Ford's 1976 pollster, Robert Teeter, was called in for soundings from around the state, and he reported that the public agreed with the views of Senator Lemke. Thompson's Washington-based political adviser, Doug Bailey, put it more bluntly: "Abortion is a litmus test with the Republican right-wing. Veto this bill and you probably can't be nominated in 1980." He did veto it. "This bill is not only unfair," Thompson told the legislators, "it is cruel. It denies a constitutional right to some women because they are poor. I cannot, in conscience, put my name on such a bill." And the veto was indeed overridden.

Abortion is not the only conservative hot button that Thompson has knowingly pushed. He also vetoed a bill intended to legalize the sale of laetrile in Illinois. Thompson said the bill would have opened a black market in a dangerous drug. Laetrile is rapidly becoming another litmus test for right wingers on the general topics of freedom of choice and excessive government regulation. Again, Thompson's veto was overridden.

And, of course, Thompson has endorsed the ERA. Right there in Phyllis Schlafly's bailiwick he made a special point of saying, "I favor the amendment. I favor its ratification. I favor its ratification now." Thompson came up on the short end of the legislature's ratification vote and Schlafly still holds the upper hand in Illinois. On one of his first trips out of state, Thompson violated conservative orthodoxy at the GOP governors' conference by opposing a proposal by New Hampshire Governor Meldrim Thomson to make the 1976 party platform, dictated by Ronald Reagan, an official statement of Republican principles. The vote was 12 to one; Thompson of Illinois lost.

Jim Thompson will have no primary opposition next year, but not everyone in the Illinois Republican party is overjoyed about his performance. He was very slow to make appointments, and has outraged county chairmen in his handling of patronage. "They care more about jobs than I'd anticipated, that's fair to say," the Governor concedes. Thompson also has been a little error-prone. A *Chicago Sun-Times* reporter discovered that despite his strong endorsement of the ERA, Thompson held memberships in two private clubs that restrict women (he has since resigned from one) and, moreover, defended their right to do so. Then, his patronage chief was fired for commandeering a state airplane for personal use, and Thompson himself had to apologize for an illegal junket on a plane owned by a state-regulated corporation.

Those on the Republican right in Illinois who observe

Jim Thompson by Vint Lawrence

Thompson up close are more generous than those on the national scene in assessing his performance so far. Conservative state representative Don Totten, who was Ronald Reagan's cochairman in 1976 and led the fight to override Thompson's laetrile veto put it this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way: "If his administration has had a philosophical bent, you would have to call it conservative. But that's due to the budget deficit. If we had a surplus, you can be sure he would have spent it."

In his first 11 months in office, Thompson has been out of state an average of twice each month. Many of the trips obviously are intended to get him a little useful exposure, though they usually wear the beard of state business or of helping out some fellow Republicans. In his political speeches, he outlines the Jim Thompson Modest Genius Scheme for Republican Rebuilding. Hopping over Lake Michigan in a 10-year-old twin-engine state airplane recently, he delivered that message to about 500 prosperous party folk in Grand Rapids, Gerald Ford's old home town. "We're the party outside looking in," he told them. "There aren't enough Republicans in any state to elect our party's candidates with Republican votes alone. We need Independents and Democrats. So run on tried and true Republican principles like limited government, balanced budgets and strong national defense. The Democrats are doing it and winning elections. And criticize your opponent and his record. But don't insult the Democratic voters you need by expanding that criticism to a generic indictment of the Democratic party."

They don't clap at that advice, but they think about it and nod their heads. Thompson gets most of his applause when he echoes the conservative credo. ("Capital punishment may not deter the majority of murders, or even very many of them. But if it deters even just *one*. . . .") But he's not a trimmer on the road. Speaking to the Republican party of Mississippi, he proposed a GOP version of national health insurance and earned himself this headline in a Chicago newspaper: "Big Jim Rings No Sale in Mississippi." And in Arizona, where moderate Republicanism is all but extinct, he departed from his prepared text to launch a lengthy defense of the abortion veto.

Some of the chips collected on these out of state ventures obviously are being stacked up for cashing in during 1980. On a trip East last summer to sell Illinois to the New York banks and bond houses, for example, Thompson found time to visit privately with Nelson and Laurance Rockefeller. He then attended a luncheon hosted by Maxwell M. Rabb, who was secretary of the cabinet under Eisenhower. Rabb is president of Manhattan's Temple Emanuel and a power in New York Republican politics. Mixed among the eminences of the Wall Street financial community were incidentally useful people like Andrew H. Heiskell, chairman of Time, Inc., Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, publisher of the *New York Times*, and Theodore White, the chronicler of presidential campaigns. Walter Cronkite regretted. Rabb admits that Thompson was under scrutiny as a presidential prospect, and speaking for himself, he liked what he saw. "Sure there's a conservative trend in the country," he says, "but in the final analysis ideology takes a back seat to winning and winning requires a broad party. I never discount a great vote getter."

If Jim Thompson does get into the active running in 1980, an eventuality that most observers regard as all but certain, Maxwell Rabb has just turned over his trump card—electablility. Moderate Republicans wherever they are concede that if one of their stripe is to win next time, he has to demonstrate an indisputable ability to "draw above the base," as they say, to attract independents and Democrats. It's a tough message to sell to the ideologues—"putting winning above philosophy"—but Jimmy Carter did it, and not so long ago. "If I were Thompson's manager in 1980," says the chairman of the Conservative Caucus, Howard Phillips, "I'd run him everywhere. He has to establish his claim as a winner, because that's his only claim."

The first test of the rookie governor's staying power will be his re-election campaign in 1978. Part of Thompson's success up to now is due to his relationship to the Chicago Democratic machine and a little luck in the matter of timing. He began as a crusading US Attorney and made his name by sending mainstays of Mayor Daley's political organization to jail. In all, he nailed seven aldermen, two state legislators, 85 Daley election day workers, 19 employees of the county assessor's office, 54 Chicago cops and former Democratic Governor Otto Kerner. In the 1976 gubernatorial campaign, he tagged his opponent, jowley, gruff Michael Howlett as Daley's handpicked candidate, a label that doesn't make for voter appeal outside the 50 wards of Chicago. Thompson never slipped below a 20-point edge in the polls. Recognizing that Jimmy Carter was the only chance they had to win the statehouse, the Daley crowd identified the slumping Howlett so closely to Carter that they produced a negative reverse coattail effect: Howlett lost and dragged Carter down with him.

Then, before Thompson was inaugurated, Mayor Daley died, and his heirs, facing a special election for mayor, opted for a period of relative calm. They cooperated and compromised with Thompson to assure continuity on the home front. Meanwhile, the rookie governor was banking his points in the polls and getting most of what he wanted out of his first session in Springfield. By autumn, Thompson looked sufficiently invincible that his most prominently mentioned Democratic opponents, Dan Walker and Secretary of State Alan Dixon, both announced their disinterest in making the race. The man who got the Democratic nod is the attractive, aggressive State Comptroller Michael Bakalis, 39. Bakalis heads what is widely regarded as the weakest group of Democratic candidates in Illinois memory.

The slate is dominated by Chicago, tinged with sexism (Bakalis refused to accept a woman as a running mate for lieutenant governor), and tarred by a long-simmering scandal involving the Metropolitan Sanitary District, two of whose trustees are part of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democratic team.

Thompson cannot afford to underestimate Bakalis. He is by far the strongest Democrat in the field, and he's knocked off popular Republican incumbents in his two previous campaigns for statewide office. Nevertheless, you get very short odds right now on a second term for Big Jim Thompson. No one expects that he'll do as well as 1976. Bakalis, after all, is not Howlett, and at 58 percent, there's a little fat to be trimmed. But Thompson's prospects allow him to look a little bit beyond 1978, and his campaign will be a model of the prescriptions he offers Republicans nationwide. It also will fit with the program national GOP chairman Bill Brock has devised for the salvation of his party.

For 1978 and 1980, Brock has instituted a local elections operation designed to capture for the GOP a majority in at least one house of enough state legislatures around the country to stave off the disaster that is predicted for 1981, when legislative and congressional district lines are to be redrawn, if this process is left entirely in the hands of Democrats. So, Thompson personally has targeted eight suburban and downstate Illinois senate districts where he'll campaign actively in an attempt to win the Illinois senate back for the Republican party. He wants to demonstrate coattails, you see.

Brock also has begun a $250,000 program to raise the Republican's paltry share of the black vote—usually about 10 percent. Part of the reason it remains that low is that Republican candidates routinely concede the black vote, a pattern that Thompson declines to follow. In his last campaign, he went right to the black wards of Chicago, normally bastions of the Daley machine where the vote is mobilized by Democratic precinct captains and organization jobbers, *and* where Jimmy Carter was a strong attraction at the top of the ticket. Thompson wound up with 26 percent of the black vote, which is two-and-a-half times the normal Republican base.

Thompson's reelection effort will be tied closely to that of Senator Charles Percy. Both men have been big vote getters in the past, and the combination could make Illinois one of the big Republican success stories of 1978. For right-wing true believers, the ticket inevitably will have a too-liberal tinge, and Thompson surely will be saddled with Percy's heresy, on the Panama Canal treaties, for example. But Thompson's advisers figure their own campaign themes will offset the image. He has been tough on crime, has balanced the budget, has whacked welfare fraud and has not raised taxes. If he wins, he'll have run twice in a state with an electorate as complex as you'll find anywhere in the country, and governed successfully with a legislature dominated by the opposition. With all that, Thompson's supporters hope to persuade the Republican right to think about electability in 1980, and to excuse a few deviations like ERA, abortion and laetrile.

The men who persuaded JFK it was a "life or death struggle."

Kennedy's Cold War

by Tad Szulc

A "top-secret eyes-only" document declassified this month casts fascinating new light on the cold-war proclivities of the Kennedy administration. It is called "the Taylor Report," after General Maxwell D. Taylor. In 1961 Taylor held the title of "military representative of the President." After the collapse of the Bay of Pigs invasion of Cuba, President Kennedy appointed Taylor as head of a "Cuban Study Group" to analyze the disaster. The other members were Attorney General Robert Kennedy, CIA director Allen Dulles and Admiral Arleigh Burke, the chief of naval operations. The text of the report was obtained from the National Archives in Washington.

The group proposed the proclamation of a "limited national emergency," review of international treaties restraining the US from all-out pursuit of the cold war and an American invasion of Cuba, because "we are in a life and death struggle which we may be losing." President Kennedy did not follow the most fevered recommendations of his Cuban Study Group, but there is good reason to believe that his 1961 decision to send US soldiers to Vietnam was directly influenced by the opinions of these advisers. And subsequent US attempts to murder Fidel Castro may have been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nurtured by this report. In general, Kennedy seemed to endorse the Taylor approach; the next year he appointed Taylor chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Taylor Report recommended that the Joint Chiefs play a key role in "Cold War" operations thereby, in effect, reducing the CIA's importance. The Report put it this way:

"In the face of the threat of the Cold War, we feel that the JCS should be brought to feel as great a sense of responsibility for contributing to the success of the Cold War as to the conventional military defense of the country in time of war. They should be encouraged to express the military viewpoint clearly and directly before the President and other high officials of the Government. The latter, in turn, should be aware of the need of getting the considered views of the Chiefs before taking important decisions affecting Cold War programs and operations."

The Taylor proposals grew out of the Report's conclusion that the Bay of Pigs invasion by an American controlled force of Cuban exiles was "a marginal operation" that should have been less covert, and should have involved the Pentagon. "A paramilitary operation of the magnitude of Zapata [the invasion code name] could not be prepared and conducted in such a way that all US support of it and connection with it could be plausibly disclaimed. . . . By about November, 1960, the impossibility of running Zapata as a covert operation under CIA should have been recognized and the situation reviewed. The subsequent decision might then have been made to limit the efforts to attain covertness to the degree and nature of US participation, and to assign responsibility for the amphibious operation to the Department of Defense. In this case, the CIA would have assisted in concealing the participation of Defense. Failing such a reorientation, the project should have been abandoned."

A theme running through the Report is that the whole operation was uncoordinated. Thus: "The operation suffered from being run from the distance of Washington. At that range . . . it was not possible to have a clear understanding in Washington of events taking place in the field. This was particularly the case on the night of D-plus-1 [*April 18, the second day of the invasion, when the Castro air force had already sunk or scattered the invaders' ammunition ships*] when an appreciation of the ammunition situation would have resulted in an appeal for US air cover and an all-out effort to supply the beach by all available means." The question of American air cover for the invasion was one of the most controversial aspects of the operation. Kennedy had refused it as a matter of principle although he did authorize a one-hour cover by Navy jets on the morning of April 19, when the invasion force was already in retreat on the Cuban beaches.

The Taylor group disapproved of Kennedy's last-minute decision to cancel planned attacks on Cuban airfields, at dawn on April 17, the invasion day, by B-26 aircraft belonging to the exile force. This "eliminated the last favorable opportunity to destroy the Castro Air Force on the ground. . . . The cancellation seems to have resulted partly from the failure to make the air strike plan entirely clear in advance to the President and the Secretary of State, but, more importantly, by misgivings as to the effect of the air strikes on the position of the US in the current United Nations debate on Cuba. Finally, there was the failure to carry the issue to the President when the opportunity was presented and explain to him with proper force the probable military consequences of a last-minute cancellation."

Another weakness in the plan, according to the Taylor Report, was that Kennedy and his advisers were wrongly assured that, if necessary, the invaders could turn into a guerrilla force. This notion has not been disclosed previously. The Report said: "With this alternative to fall back on, the view was held that a sudden or disastrous defeat was most improbable. . . . The guerrilla alternative as it had been described was not in fact available to this force in the situation which developed."

In sum, the group concluded, "the Executive Branch of the Government was not organizationally prepared to cope with this kind of paramilitary operation. There was no single authority short of the President capable of coordinating the actions of CIA, State, Defense, and USIA (United States Information Agency). Top level direction was given through ad hoc meetings of senior officials without consideration of operational plans in writing and with no arrangement for recording conclusions and decisions reached."

It was this chaos over the Bay of Pigs that led the Taylor group to its broader conclusions regarding the approach to future "Cold War" operations. The Report said: "We are of the opinion that the preparations and execution of paramilitary operations such as Zapata are a form of Cold War action in which the country must prepare to engage. If it does so, it must engage in it with a maximum chance of success. Such operations should be planned and executed by a governmental mechanism capable of bringing into play, in addition to military and covert techniques, all other forces, political, economic, ideological, and intelligence, which can contribute to its success. No such mechanism presently exists but should be created to plan, coordinate and further a national Cold War strategy capable of including paramilitary operations."

To direct "Cold War" planning, the Taylor Report recommended the creation of a permanent "Strategic Resources Group" composed of representatives of under-secreterial rank from the State and Defense departments and the CIA "under a full-time chairman reporting directly to the President." It also proposed a "Cold War Indications Center" to "undertake the development and recommendations of Cold War plans and programs for those countries or areas specifically

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assigned to it by the President for that purpose." The "Cold War Indications Center could, if fully developed, eventually serve as the governmental command post for the Cold War, organized and staffed to operate around the clock." This "Center," among other things, would be charged with "the timely determination of 'criticality,' that is, where and when there is a danger of defeat or opportunity for victory in a given country or area." The report added that "when a country is determined to be 'critical,' it would normally be assigned by the President to the planning and coordination jurisdiction of the Strategic Resources Group."

The Taylor group took in 1961 an extraordinarily alarmist view of the international situation. The Report urged Kennedy "to express to his principal assistants and advisers his sense of the need of a changed attitude on the part of the government and of the people toward the emergency which confronts us.

"The first requirement of such a change," the Report said, "is to recognize that we are in a life and death struggle which we may be losing, and will lose unless we change our ways and marshal our resources with an intensity associated in the past only with times of war." To achieve such a change, the Taylor Report proposed that the administration give "immediate consideration" to the following measures:

- "The announcement of a limited national emergency."
- "The review of any treaties or international agreements which restrain the full use of our resources in the Cold War."
- "The determination to seek the respect of our neighbors, without the criterion being international popularity."
- "A policy of taking into account the proportioning of foreign aid to the attitude shown us by our neighbors."

The Report said that "in the light of the strained situation in Laos and the potential crisis building up over Berlin, we should consider at once affirmative programs to cope with the threat in both areas." It recommended "a reexamination of emergency powers of the President as to their adequacy to meet the developing situation." Finally, the Report urged Kennedy to "conclude . . . that any Cold War operation, once started, must be carried through to conclusion with the same determination as a military operation."

Concerning Cuba, the Taylor group reported a "general feeling that there can be no longer-term living with Castro as a neighbor." It added: "There are only two ways to view this threat: either to hope that time and internal discontent will eventually end it, or to take active measures to force its removal. Unless by 'time' we are thinking in terms of years, there is little reason to place reliance on the first course of action as being effective in Castro's police state. The second has been made more difficult by the April failure and is now possible only through overt US participation with as much Latin American support as can be raised. Neither alternative is attractive, but no decision is, in effect, a choice of the first. While inclining personally to a positive course of action against Castro without delay, we recognize the danger of dealing with the Cuban problem outside the context of the world Cold War situation. Action against Castro must be related to the probable course of events in such other places as Southeast Asia and Berlin which may put simultaneous claims on our resources."

Kennedy never established a Strategic Resources Group, as recommended in the Taylor Report. Instead, all covert operations were run from the White House by the so-called "Special Group" headed by Robert Kennedy. The "Special Group" coordinated all the anti-Castro endeavors, including the assassination attempts against the Cuban leader.

There are strong indications that President Kennedy's thinking on Vietnam was considerably influenced by the Taylor Report as well as by General Taylor himself. Kennedy made his secret decision to send the first 400 Special Forces troops and 100 other American military advisers to Vietnam in mid-May, just as the Taylor group gave him its oral report that was followed a month later by the written study. The Pentagon Papers thus noted that the dispatch of advisers "signaled a willingness to go beyond the 685-man limit on the size of the US mission in Saigon, which, if it were done openly, would be the first formal breach of the Geneva agreement." Thus is followed the Taylor Report's recommendation to "review . . . international agreements" that stood in the way of waging the Cold War.

On the same day Special Forces were sent to Vietnam, Kennedy also ordered clandestine warfare against North Vietnam by South Vietnamese agents directed by the CIA and Special Forces. This fitted perfectly into General Taylor's concept of "Cold War" covert paramilitary operations. Kennedy simultaneously ordered penetration by South Vietnamese forces into southeastern Laos to locate and attack Communist bases. In October, the President issued secret orders for "ground action, including the use of US advisors if necessary" against Communists in the southern Laos panhandle. In November, Kennedy further expanded the US military advisory mission in Vietnam, authorizing American advisors to go into combat. According to the Pentagon Papers chronology, General Taylor then recommended a 6000 to 8000-man US combat force in Vietnam. Defense Secretary McNamara estimated at the same time that the maximum US ground-force requirement "will not exceed six divisions." In 1962, General Taylor became chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In January of that year, there were already 2646 American military personnel in Vietnam. By October 1963, the total had risen to 16,732 men. Then Lyndon Johnson took over.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

À la Recherche du Temps Perdu
The Proust Screenplay by Harold Pinter

(Grove Press; $10, $2.95 paper)

Excuse a personal note—it's relevant. Early in 1974 Harold Pinter, whom I know slightly, read a historical anthology called *American Film Criticism* which I had edited (with the help of Bruce Henstell). Pinter wrote me about the book, saying that he had been particularly struck by Paul Goodman's essay "The Proustian Camera Eye," written in 1935. Pinter said he was sending me a copy of his Proust screenplay, which was the first I heard of it, asked me to read it, then forward it to Goodman. I read it, wrote Pinter about it, and said I couldn't forward it because Goodman was dead. Might I keep the script? Pinter had said that expense was clouding production of the film, and I wanted to have at least this much of it. He replied that I could keep it, that there was still no money to make the picture, and that for various reasons he couldn't even publish the script.

The film has not been made, but at least the screenplay is now published. I speak carefully when I say that it's incomparably the best screen adaptation ever made of a great work and that it is in itself a work of genius—minor compared with the source, as Pinter surely would be the first to scornfully insist, but *I* would insist that this screenplay far surpasses anything conveyed by the term "adaptation" and becomes a re-composition in another art. This is by far the best of his screen writing and not just because it comes from a titanic novel: look at most screenplays from great novels. Pinter has touched genius in some of his plays; here, touched by a giant genius, he rises in the film form, technically and imaginatively, to the level of his best theater work.

A lover of Proust can take the stand that the novel should not be touched. It *is*; and it doesn't need to exist in any other way. With that view I can see no argument. But aside from that absolute purity, if one has any interest in seeing Proust on the screen, then Pinter has transformed it miraculously. A purist lover of *Othello* may not care what Boito and Verdi did with it. His loss, I'd say. The analogy is incomplete because the opera is often performed and is recorded while what we have of Pinter's so far is only the "score." But if you can read this screenplay, you can get more than a measure of the power in a possible film of it.

Reading a screenplay means, minimally, reading *slowly*: not assuming that the few descriptive words at the start of each shot are easily digestible just because they are few and not "literary." It means responding out of your filmgoing experience to "furnish" each shot and to imagine the succession of shots. Anyone who can and will do those things can enjoy this book.

Joseph Losey, with whom Pinter has worked on three films, was to have directed this picture and is credited with help on the screenplay (as is Barbara Bray, whom Pinter knew as a Proustian authority). I'm hardly an unswerving Losey admirer, but the best of Losey—say, in the textural qualities of *The Go-Between*—would have been at its best here. If the film had been well photographed and designed and cast, it could have been the work toward which Losey's career was groping. (And why am I using the despairing past tense?)

What Pinter has done is to dismiss any thought of carpentry, of sawing and patching to get an intelligible synopsis of the vast book into three hours plus (my guess at about how long this picture would run). Instead he apparently drenched himself in the book, absorbed it, let it seep into his blood and marrow, and then figuratively forgot about the work's prior existence. He seems to have said to himself: "If I were Proust, with his societal experience, his interior landscape, his range of sensory appetites, his intoxication with the Idea of Time, and if I wanted to write a screenplay with all this instead of a novel, what screenplay would I write?" In short, insofar as matters as delicate as Proust's work and the creative process in general can be laid out diagrammatically, we can say that Pinter disassembled the book and rebuilt its materials into a different medium.

I give one major example of deliberate omission and one of imaginative re-composition. When I knew that Pinter's screenplay was en route to me, I speculated that it would begin on that night in early January 1909 when the 38-year-old Proust dipped the rusk in the tea and the taste and scent took him back to boyhood and the madeleines. Not at all. In the whole screenplay *there is no madeleine*. Pinter made his own means. Here are the first five shots:

1. Yellow screen. Sound of a garden gate bell.
2. Open countryside, a line of trees, seen from a railway carriage. The train is still. No sound. Quick fade out.
3. Momentary yellow screen.
4. The sea, seen from a high window, a towel hanging on a towel rack in foreground. No sound. Quick fade out.
5. Momentary yellow screen.

Films Worth Seeing

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. The best SF film I know, but Steven Spielberg and colleagues have done something more than an SF film. It focuses faith on the heavens more than Heaven and on technology as god more than on intergalactic travel.

Julia. Lavish version of Spartan heroism against Nazis, but Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards, and Jane Fonda (in that order) are fine.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't. Two young women, French, their friendship, the social frontiers they cross. The most engaging film so far about New Women.

The Turning Point. Mikhail Baryshnikov, his dash and his dancing, make this film unmissable. Other ballet stars, too. Also some film stars and a plot, but who cares?

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This process continues for another 16 shots, with glimpses of the Guermantes house, of the middle-aged Marcel, of his aged friends, of Venice, of the thematic "spoon hitting the plate," some silent, some with sound, all interleaved with recurring shots of the screen completely yellow. At Shot 22 we get the yellow screen again. This time "the camera pulls back to discover that the yellow screen is actually a patch of yellow wall in a painting. The painting is Vermeer's *View of Delft.*" ("The most beautiful painting in the world," says Marcel later.) When I read that camera direction and saw how this *visual* motif had been brought forward to underlie a new sensory-mnemonic-emotional system in a different medium, I felt a cold shiver of excitement. The book had been trans*formed*. And page after page that excitement continued.

Throughout the screenplay a complex of time planes is dexterously manipulated. All the years of the novel are assumed to exist simultaneously, and the film moves in and out of them as it needs to. The changes are almost always immediately clear, but even when a change is briefly ambiguous, this contributes to the paramount effect: of being suspended in a magical vessel full of time.

It would be child's play to list what of the book is left out and what is proportionately diminished (Gilberte, for instance). What's amazing is how much of the book is contained in the script, not salvaged or snipped but reworked to a new vitality in a new medium to approximate some of the dimensions of the original. Places are established to be loved and returned to; characters are vivid, developed through growth and decay. A great fugue of European history, social and cultural and moral, is once again deployed across our senses—*other* senses, which is the point of making the book into a film.

I have two grave reservations, and they're connected. The first is about the Narrator (only twice called Marcel in the book), who is here made into the protagonist Marcel. As in that relatively pygmy picture *Julia*, it makes a tremendous difference when the narrator of a book is taken off the printed page, so to speak, and made a character just as "visible" as the others. In the very article that Pinter admires, Goodman says, "The Narrator is perfectly passive." In that very helpful little book *Marcel Proust*, Roger Shattuck says: "In spite of his constant efforts to do so, Marcel never adequately beholds himself and cannot really believe in his identity or role." Here he is propelled into a role, put in front of the camera, and although he is interesting enough, he has the task of being central among characters who are mostly more interesting than he is, whom—in the book—he mostly observed.

Good casting of Marcel would enrich the role, of course; but it would still leave a second, related flaw. Because we get the whole of the novel *through* the Narrator, his progress toward becoming the author capable of writing what we have been reading is organic in the very reading. That progress is not well conveyed here. From time to time he is said to be a writer, and at the very end—the last shot is the yellow screen—we hear Marcel say, "It was time to begin." It's not quite enough.

But these are not Pinter's flaws, they are inescapable in a film version. What could be done, he has done: unpredictably, authentically, superlatively. This screenplay could be made into a film that, without by any means being the full equivalent of the novel, would be worthy of its source. *The Proust Screenplay* is beautiful art, still uncompleted. Must it remain so?

Michael Ullman on jazz

Recent Recordings

Ron Carter is a tall, thin 40-year-old bassist who recorded with Eric Dolphy in the early '60s and then played with the famous Miles Davis quintet that included Herbie Hancock, Tony Williams and Wayne Shorter. A virtuoso on both bass and cello, Carter's first album as a leader features Eric Dolphy and a second bassist, George Duvivier (*Where?* Prestige 7843). "Bass Duet" on that album is a gently rocking blues which is a vehicle for the interaction of Carter and

Serving America's Union Families

THE AMERICAN INCOME PHILOSOPHY

. . . to recognize what is and what can be
. . . to know where we are and where we are going
. . . to dream big and implement realistically
. . . to recognize responsibility and make decisions with sensitivity

We operate under the free enterprise system and are basically like other insurance companies with one difference, however. We are union through and through. Our office force and agents are union members and covered by negotiated contracts.

Of the 1,700 insurance companies in America, 15 giant companies do 85% of the business. That means that the other 1,685 fight for what's left. Even though **American Income Life** has over $100 million in assets and is stable and successful, we are among the companies competing for your business.

We're living proof that a company with union contracts can compete with non-union companies. Our employees enjoy the protection of union contracts and wages, yet our policies cost no more than similar policies offered by non-union and anti-union insurance companies.

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY . . .
a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 100 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to: Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board P.Q.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

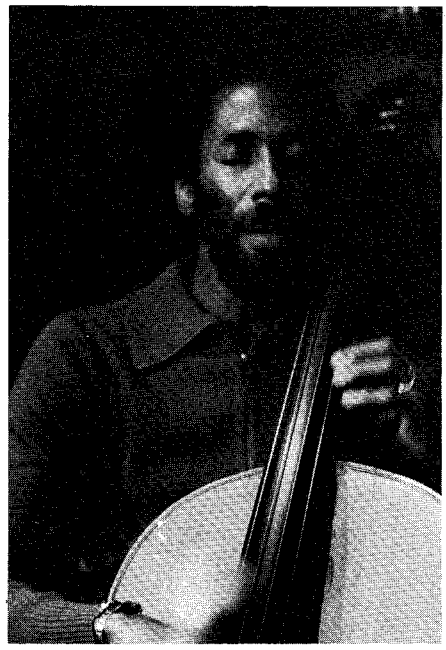
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duvivier. The piece has balance and it swings. If it has a fault, it is that the sound of the two basses is too close for the sense of drama that usually develops when two jazz instrumentalists trade phrases. That problem has been solved in Ron Carter's latest recording, *Piccolo* (Milestone M-55004). The album is named after Carter's small bass, a scaled-down instrument made for him by a friend: Carter's piccolo bass has taut, vibrant sound close to that of a plucked cello, yet with a larger sound than a cello could have. The new album features Carter's quartet, with Kenny Barron on piano, Buster Williams on bass, and Ben Riley on percussion. Carter's "piccolo" is used as a horn might be, and under his leadership, the group has created an exciting type of chamber jazz, free and then disciplined.

Charles Mingus has made another ambitious recording, *Three or Four Shades of Blue* (Atlantic SD 1700). For the first time Mingus has recorded with rock guitarists: Larry Coryell, John Scofield, and Philip Catherine. One soon gets used to this intrusion, and the album as a whole is delightful. On "Noddin Ya Head Blues" Mingus follows Catherine's diffuse guitar with a grumbling bass solo in his most authoritative manner. The long title cut presents a sequence of blues styles. I am particularly attracted to Jimmy Rowles's melancholy version of what Mingus calls an "Old Ellington two-chord blues." In Rick Ford Mingus has found a tenor saxophonist with both the power and sense of tradition he needs for his music. And it is good to hear the raucous side of Mingus again: in the old days, he used to yell in the background "I know what I know," a curious form of self-assertion. On "Better Git Hit in Your Soul," he sings joyously about Jesus who walked on the water.

Veteran pianist Hank Jones has made a career for himself in the studios and as an accompanist to singers. When he has been given a chance to make a jazz album under his own name, too often he exploited the softer, decorative part of his style. But his latest, *'Bop Redux* (Muse MR5123), is a vigorous presentation of some of the best bop tunes. His touch remains delicate enough to get a lovely sound out of the piano, and he is rhythmically inventive. He smooths out Monk's eccentric lines on "Ruby, My Dear" and "Monk's Mood," molding the tunes to his more conventional style: but within that style, Jones enlivens the line, and proves once again that the beboppers wrote lovely melodies.

Keith Jarrett continues to record frequently. I find two of his most recent albums especially appealing: *The Survivors' Suite* (ECM-1-1085) and *Byablue* (Impulse AS-9331). The latter contains two recordings of a Paul Motian composition "Byablue," a quartet version and the solo piano version with which the album ends. This last is one of Jarrett's best recorded performances.



Ron Carter by Michael Ullman

The tune is a simple repeated blues line which Jarrett plays with particular attention to dynamics, softening the end of each phrase, then gradually filling out the sound with his left hand as the piece develops, hesitating at the beginning of phrases and then pushing tensely into the next line, finishing with a long diminuendo. *Survivors' Suite* is more typical of the Jarrett quartet: taken together, the albums suggest that Jarrett is trying to give his recordings more structure—a welcome direction.

Two other piano albums are intriguing for their contrasting approaches. Fantasy has issued a three-record set modestly entitled *The Great Concert of Cecil Taylor* (Prestige P-34003); it captures a Taylor performance in Paris on July 29, 1969 with Sam Rivers, Jimmy Lyons and Andrew Cyrille. Five sides of this album contain one continuous performance. The notes tell us that it is "the truest representation of Cecil Taylor's music as experienced in concert." I agree, but find that, for all its athletic appeal, fleeting lyricism, and momentary raptures, this type of marathon usually tires me more than it does the performers. This quartet lacks a bass, and the recording sound is thin. Sam Rivers is not always convincing here, and Taylor's singing is merely distracting. The pulse and rhythms are exciting, but the paradox of the performance is that one listens to the extended work for the bright moments when everything falls together. Ran Blake's album *Breakthru* (Improvising Artists 373842) is thoughtful and contained. Most of the cuts take around three minutes, and the longest is three minutes and 41 seconds. Head of the "third stream" department of the New England Conservatory, Blake has recorded mostly popular tunes. He analyzes them, imposing his own pulse on their structure, isolating attractive elements while leaving a lot of space. At times he thumps down hard on a single note, listening to its overtones, and he might crash down on the bass and for contrast brush the instrument's highest notes with a feather-light touch. His is always an intelligent music, although at times he seems to be a man watching himself play the piano.

Pablo has just issued a series of jam sessions recorded at the Montreux Jazz Festival in July 1977. These albums present groups led by Dizzy Gillespie, Milt Jackson, Count Basie, Oscar Peterson, and feature Clark Terry, Joe Pass, Roy Eldridge and other stars. I recommend the Basie jam (Pablo 2308 209) for Basie's spare piano, and for the saxophones of Benny Carter and Zoot Sims. Unfortunately, Eldridge does not sound particularly good on these sides. The set led by Milt Jackson offers Clark Terry's round-toned trumpet, the strong melodic playing of bassist Roy Brown, and Jackson's effortless swing (Pablo 2308 205). The combined virtuosity of Dizzy Gillespie and Jon Faddis provides the interest on Dizzy's set, although producer Norman Granz tells us that it is also remarkable for being a Dizzy Gillespie album without a version of "Con Alma" (Pablo 2308 211). The two-record album (Pablo 2620 105) contains selections by each group. Norman Granz used to be famous for putting musicians of different styles in the same groups. The Montreux albums demonstrate that most jazz musicians today are playing a form of bop—there is no stylistic clash here.

There have been many worthwhile reissues of important jazz material recently. MCA has issued a second two-record set of memorable Count Basie performances from the '30s (MCA 2-4108). We can hear Jimmy Rushing's "Good Morning, Blues" ("Santy Claus, Santy Claus, listen to my plea; Don't bring me nothing for Christmas but my

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

baby back to me") and Helen Humes's cheerful attempt to salvage "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." These are primarily vocal performances, featuring the hoarse-toned Rushing, the charming Helen Humes and one song by the amateurish Earle Warren. But the album also contains 10 quartet performances with Basie and his "All America Rhythm," as once it was called.

Prestige has just issued four multi-record sets featuring Duke Ellington's Carnegie Hall performances of 1943, 1944, 1946 and 1947. The sound is sometimes dim, but the music is usually magnificent. One should start with the 1943 concert (Prestige P-34004), with its up-tempo version of "Cottontail" featuring Ben Webster and its complete "Black, Brown and Beige" suite. These records are important documents, capturing as closely as possible a complete concert of the Duke—from the "Star Spangled Banner" to "Mood Indigo."

Mercury has been reissuing in two-record sets some of the most successful items in the Emarcy catalogue, including albums by Sarah Vaughan, Dinah Washington, and Roland Kirk. They have also started a chronological series of the tightly voiced recordings by the Clifford Brown-Max Roach Quintet. Volumes one and two bring this group's recordings from 1954-1956 (EMS-2-403, EMS-2-407). One cannot speak too highly of Clifford Brown's warm-toned and brilliant trumpet or of Roach's intelligent, precise drumming. The second album presents a young Sonny Rollins, already fluent and impassioned, and ready to develop his more distinctive style. The group should be known also for the attractive compositions it played, many of which have become jazz standards: Daahoud, Jordu, Sweet Clifford, and Joy Spring.

Folkways has assembled the recordings made by Moses Asch in the mid-'40s of Mary Lou Williams in the company of Don Byas and others (FA 2966). Brought up on boogie-woogie, the pianist and arranger for Andy Kirk's big band, the Clouds of Joy, Williams absorbed the influences of bop and has gone on to produce large religious works. These performances catch her as she is moving towards bop. The set includes some boogie-woogie, two blues by the mediocre singer Nora Lee King, several of Don Byas's expansive solos, and a lot of solo piano. There are some disasters here—an arrangement of "Lonely Moments" for a large group, for instance—and some of the tunes are ill-chosen. Williams's version of "The Man I Love" is pompous. But the piano playing is usually animated and concise, and there are isolated moments of brilliance, as in several of the Frankie Newton solos.

Verve has been reissuing the Ella Fitzgerald songbooks: so far we have the Cole Porter and the Rodgers and Hart albums, featuring both popular and rare songs in sentimental arrangements. One looks forward to the Gershwin and Ellington songbooks, especially as the latter features the Ellington band. Columbia has been issuing a series of Lester Young recordings, and a Tadd Dameron/Miles Davis collaboration.

Jazz seems to be having one of its periodic renaissances. A striking number of veteran musicians are producing better music than ever—Marian McPartland, Zoot Sims, Lee Konitz, among others. The avant-garde is consolidating, and such people as Anthony Braxton, Don Pullen, Don Cherry, and Dollar Brand are producing finished works with wide appeal.

Spain Coming Into Her Own

Aleixandre's Nobel Prize

Vicente Aleixandre's Nobel prize did not come altogether as a surprise to Hispanists: in Madrid we heard rumors during the summer that he might win the award. Although no one puts much faith in such gossip at the time, the rumors did manage to remove the edge of surprise from the announcement. In any case those who know his and his generation's poetry can only remark that the recognition is long overdue even if 1977—the 50th anniversary of the poetic group to which Aleixandre belonged, known as the Generation of 1927—is certainly timely, especially since it coincides with the re-emergence of democracy in Spain after the hiatus of the Franco years.

The lyric poetry of that generation—which I would not hesitate to call the finest poetry in the 20th century—deserves more recognition in the US than it has generally received outside the usual confines of Hispanism. Kurt Vonnegut's reported reaction to Aleixandre's prize ("Who is he?"), whether it is accurate or not, illustrates the extent to which those poets—Aleixandre, Luis Cernuda, Rafael Alberti, Pedro Salinas, Dámaso Alonso and Jorge Guillén—remain practically unknown here. Federico García Lorca, the brightest of the Pleiad, has become the most widely translated Spanish writer of all time, yet in English the only available translation of his famous *Romancero gitano* is marred by far too many errors. Rolfe Humphries, who did not know Spanish well, translated the senselessly assassinated poet more for political reasons than for esthetic ones. While the political cause was certainly worthy, the translations of the poems (the first of which appeared in *TNR* on January 27, 1937) have done little to enhance Lorca's reputation for readers of English. The other poets, lacking the tragic distinction of martyrdom, "fated to survive" in Solzhenitsyn's words, have been accorded rather less attention than Lorca. Yet each of them deserves and, I believe, will get more attention from American readers in the future.

The Biblical length of Franco's regime no doubt caused a certain natural antipathy toward Spanish affairs, letters included, in Europe and the US, and in Mexico and many South American countries. Now, however, that aversion appears to be changing into sympathy as rapidly as Spain has been metamorphosing from fascism into democracy since the Generalissimo's demise. The eclipse of Spanish culture, I would venture not very timorously, is over, and the rapid political changes are not mere sheddings of skin but represent fundamental social changes at a more subliminal depth. These sea changes are perceptible in several ways in Spanish letters, the most dramatic of which is probably the outright confidence the Swedish Academy demonstrated by awarding Aleixandre the Nobel for what they accurately and pointedly described as "the strength to survive."

One of the brightest signs of literary health has been the rather spectacular emergence of the new daily, *El País*, founded in part by Ortega y Gasset's son, José Ortega. In October *El País* began a Sunday supplement called "Art and Thought" which promises an authentic platform for cultural debate.

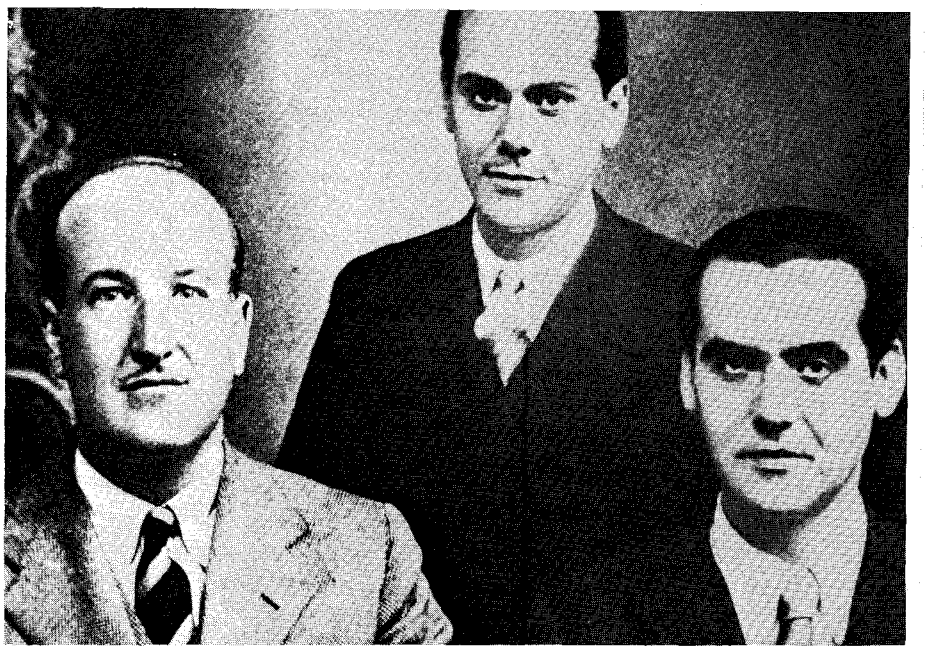
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the pages of *El País* another healthy phenomenon is visible: with the advent of democracy Latin-American writers have begun returning to Spain as in the days of the Spanish Republic, and recently in seminars and in interviews and articles some of the most eminent writers of our time—Borges, Julio Cortázar, Carlos Fuentes, Octavio Paz, Miguel Angel Asturias among others—have spoken. The importance, not to say the virtual hegemony, of Latin-American writers is recognized over most of the literary world, especially in Europe: their confluence precisely at this time in Spain and their confluence within the Spanish literary milieu which is understandably charged after 40 years of censorship and repression amounts, I think it is reasonably safe to say, to the strongest sense of literary community we have. One is tempted to say the only sense of literary community.

No one has spoken more eloquently in this regard than Carlos Fuentes writing recently in *El País:*

> *The generation of Spanish novelists that grew up under fascism—Ferlosio, Martín Santos, García Hortelano, Juan and Luis Goytisolo, Benet, Marsé—recognized itself in us as we did in them: orphans all of us, brothers all, disconcerted all, faced with the agony of our societies. . . . Memorably Juan Goytisolo has written: "We can speak of occupied languages as we speak of occupied countries." The Spanish tragedy made us realize that the Spanish language had been occupied. . . . With the two halves of Spain—the exiled half and the imprisoned half—we took inventory of our common historical failure and we united in a common literary enterprise to demolish in order to construct, to get dirty in order to become clean, to abolish the Atlantic Ocean. . . . From now on there will be no Hispano-American literature which can exclude Spain, under pain of mutilating our common civilization.*

Precisely on the day Fuentes's article appeared, October 26, two of the novelists he mentioned, Juan Benet and Juan García Hortelano, were en route from Madrid to Albuquerque to participate in a commendable International Symposium on Hispanic Literatures sponsored by the University of New Mexico. Traveling with them was one of the two best Spanish poets to emerge since the Civil War, José Hierro, about whom the critic Francisco Umbral recently remarked, "You could give *him* the Nobel any day now." Awaiting their arrival in Albuquerque was the other of the two finest postwar poets, now professor at New Mexico, Angel Gonzalez, who has just had a striking bilingual volume of his poetry titled *"Harsh World" and Other Poems* published by the Princeton University Press. Such a distinguished congregation of writers, along with writers and critics from all over Latin America, at New Mexico's laudable Symposium represents another milestone in Spanish literary affairs, especially since during the Franco years "unfriendly" writers were denied passports to travel abroad.



Left to right, Vicente Aleixandre, Luis Cernuda, Federico García Lorca by José Luis Cano (1931).

There was an uncannily Spanish ambience at the Symposium: the Sandía Mountains stood in relief against the Velázquez clarity of air, and the treelessness and open space of the meseta created perspectives of sky in ways innumerably reminiscent of Castilla. Before the banquet at La Fonda in the historic district of Santa Fe, Angel González took us to visit a ghost town named appropriately, yet with an eerie sort of echo, Madrid. Above all, there reigned a sense of camaraderie and the tacit knowledge that the critical distance between New Mexico and Spain had been foreshortened as never before. As J. R. Marra-López, a Madrid critic now professor at the University of Maryland, affirmed at the Symposium, "In Spain criticism has not existed for very clear historical reasons; now that is all changing radically."

Quite naturally the subject of Aleixandre's Nobel prize came up, both at the official Symposium and at the true symposium—closer to the original meaning of the word—which developed after hours. After the banquet a group sat talking in the airy patio of La Fonda as a boisterous anglo-chicano wedding party disintegrated into a near riot around us. Amid police whistles and shattering glass we discussed the virtues and vices of the poets of 1927. Angel González, whose long grey hair, full beard and eyes of limitless compassion make him look the perfect symposiarch and poet, stated quietly that Luis Cernuda and Lorca were clearly the best poets in the group. Juan Benet allowed in his characteristically wry way that Aleixandre, who has been ill all his life, had never lifted him out of his seat. José Hierro, *simpático* and engaging, the poet as mime, declared roundly that first place went to no one.

How, in fact, can one assess Aleixandre's current place in that group which is often referred to now as constituting the nucleus of a second "Golden Age"? Of the original group Lorca, Cernuda and Salinas are dead. Of those remaining Jorge Guillén and Vicente Aleixandre are the most widely read, the most praised, and the most awarded: Guillén has won in the last two years every significant acclaim: *Hudson Review*'s Bennett Award, Italy's Lincei prize, Mexico's Premio Alfonso Reyes and Spain's first Miguel de Cervantes award. And Aleixandre, as well as the Nobel, has just had the Gran Cruz de Carlos III bestowed upon him by Juan Carlos. If the question arises which asks if Aleixandre got the Nobel because he is the best Spanish poet of our time, I believe that the answer can only be that the question is irrelevant as well as unanswerable. The point is that Aleixandre's prize represents the bestowing of international recognition on the whole group through its most *characteristic*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living member.

Let me draw a brief analogy: In 1956 Juan Ramón Jiménez, living in exile in Puerto Rico, was awarded the Nobel prize, which he surely deserved, but the citation also mentioned Federico García Lorca and Antonio Machado, the young poet assassinated, the great contemporary of Juan Ramón dead in a concentration camp in France. And Juan Ramón Jiménez was not merely a great poet; he was also the great fomenter of poetry in Spain in the years before the Civil War. Although he was not always cherished, he was nevertheless the *padrino* of the Generation of 1927. In a sense, then, Juan Ramón's prize was shared both by his contemporary and his protégé.

Analogously, Aleixandre has been, without Juan Ramón's peevishness and eccentricities and despite frequent illness, the mentor and underground godfather to all the postwar Spanish poets as well as many outside Spain. As the Mexican poet José Emilio Pacheco poignantly noted in Albuquerque "I could publish (as many could) an epistolary of Aleixandre because he answered every single letter I wrote him." And, as in the case of Juan Ramón's award, Aleixandre's prize is, in many ways, shared by his contemporaries. In the long run the collective nature of the prize in no way diminishes Aleixandre's recognition; on the contrary, it probably amplifies that recognition by indicating the extent of its concentricity.

Jorge Guillén sent Aleixandre a telegram congratulating him "with all my friendship and admiration of half a century." Gerardo Diego, another poet of the Generation of 1927, said, "I would have preferred they give it to him 15 or 20 years ago, but these Swedes have their political reasons." Damasco Alonso, the poet and the best critic of the 1927 group, called the award "extraordinarily just," noting that Aleixandre, now 79, had dedicated his whole life entirely to poetry. "The concession of the prize," he stated, "to this representative of Spanish letters maintains our literature in its proper place within the universal context."

But there is more: Aleixandre, for whom poetry is "multitudinous," for whom poetry is "profound truth communicated," is not only the most characteristic example of his generation; he also dwells in an interior artistic landscape inhabited by the finest of Spanish artists. It is not merely coincidental that Aleixandre and Picasso both grew up in Málaga, for Aleixandre his "City of Paradise" as he titled a poem dedicated to a Málaga which hardly survives.

Much of modern Spanish art has been profoundly anti-rational: early in the century Unamuno fired the first shots against technological "Kulture," counseling disdainfully, "Let the others invent." Aleixandre—Andalusian as was Picasso, as was Lorca, as was Antonio Machado and Juan Ramón Jiménez and so many others—possesses the Andalusian's heightened perception of reality and marked distrust of modern rationalism. "I have never felt Castilian," he declared in an interview right after the announcement of his prize, "but Andalusian and Mediterranean." The Swedish Academy was correct in alluding very carefully to Aleixandre's connections to surrealism, speaking pointedly of Iberian independence and of *Spanish* surrealism. Through the ancient Spanish sense of "surrealism"—far more transcendental than the modern French "school"—flows the subterranean river of Andalusian sensibility. It is one of the main currents of Spanish art and it saturates Aleixandre's work.

As long ago as 1956 he asserted that he had never felt himself a true surrealist, never believed strictly in the oneiric, nor in automatic writing nor in the abolition of artistic consciousness. What is there instead is the presence of the earth and the sea, a profound pantheism, an atavistic sense of life and death like Lorca's and like Picasso's that turned him back to older and more natural ways. In this respect Aleixandre's poetry bears the essential meaning of the best and most original Spanish art. His own description of Lorca is a striking example of that atavistic sense, a hieratic description that in many ways fits Aleixandre—who also used poetry to shore himself up against the abyss—as well as it did Lorca:

> *The poet is perhaps the being who lacks corporal limits. His (Lorca's) long and sudden silences had about them something of the silence of a river, and in the late hour, dark as a broad river, you could sense flowing, flowing, passing through him, through his body and his soul, blood, rememberances, grief, the beating of other hearts and other beings that were he himself in that instant, the way the river is all the waters that give it body but not limit. The mute hour of Federico was the hour of the poet, the hour of solitude, of the generous solitude when the poet senses he is the expression of all men.*

The hour of Federico is now the hour of Vicente Aleixandre. That he should be awarded the Nobel prize precisely at the half century of his Pleiad and in precisely the year that democracy returned to Spain is an example of remarkable poetic justice. Under the aegis of his Nobel prize, the signs all seem to augur an authentic ascendancy for the Spanish literary communtiy. But then the artists and the people of Spain have waited long enough for their star to rise.

Allen Josephs

Allen Josephs is a professor of English and Foreign Languages at the University of West Florida.

NEAR EAST report
Washington letter on
American policy in the Middle East

Members of Congress, government officials, journalists, scholars and community leaders rely on the *Near East Report* to keep informed about the fast-moving events and critical issues that are shaping the future of Israel and the Middle East. Shouldn't you be better informed?

Subscribe today, receive our weekly newsletter and a free bonus: the popular 128-page

MYTHS AND FACTS
A Concise Record of the Arab-Israeli Conflict
Revised and Updated
Accurate and Indispensable
MORE THAN 650,000 SOLD SINCE 1964

Please enter my subscription to the
Near East Report
444 North Capitol Street, N.W.
Suite 412
Washington, D.C. 20001
☐ 1 Year for $13.00
☐ 2 Years for $25.00
☐ Check enclosed for $ _____
☐ Bill me

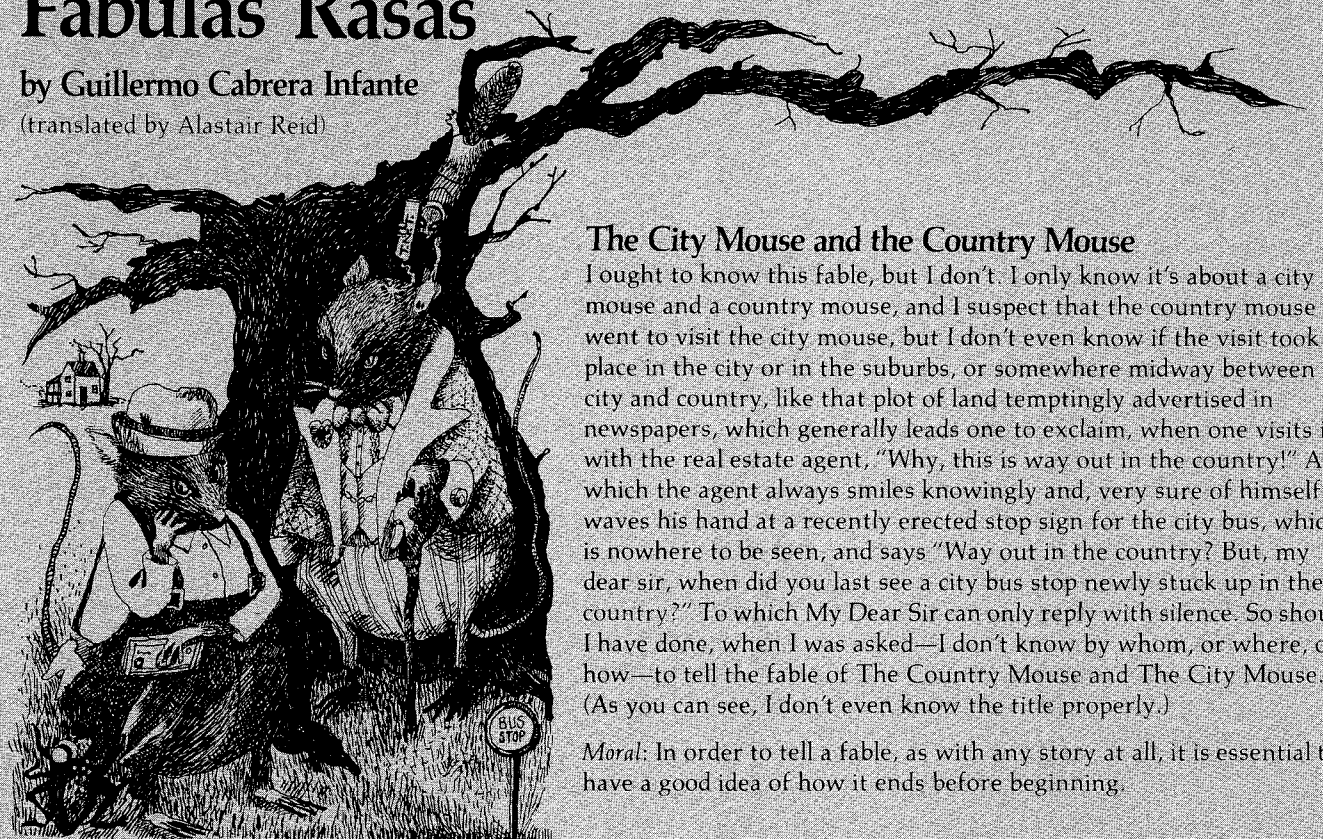
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fabulas Rasas

by Guillermo Cabrera Infante

(translated by Alastair Reid)



Drawings by Susan Davis

The City Mouse and the Country Mouse

I ought to know this fable, but I don't. I only know it's about a city mouse and a country mouse, and I suspect that the country mouse went to visit the city mouse, but I don't even know if the visit took place in the city or in the suburbs, or somewhere midway between city and country, like that plot of land temptingly advertised in newspapers, which generally leads one to exclaim, when one visits it with the real estate agent, "Why, this is way out in the country!" At which the agent always smiles knowingly and, very sure of himself, waves his hand at a recently erected stop sign for the city bus, which is nowhere to be seen, and says "Way out in the country? But, my dear sir, when did you last see a city bus stop newly stuck up in the country?" To which My Dear Sir can only reply with silence. So should I have done, when I was asked—I don't know by whom, or where, or how—to tell the fable of The Country Mouse and The City Mouse. (As you can see, I don't even know the title properly.)

Moral: In order to tell a fable, as with any story at all, it is essential to have a good idea of how it ends before beginning.

The Boy Who Cried "Wolf!"

A boy was in the habit of crying "Wolf, wolf!" to his family. Since they lived in a city, they had no reason to fear wolves, which, besides, do not live in tropical climates. Astonished by the pervasive and unfounded fear of the wolf, I asked what was happening of a straggling fugitive, who was hardly able to run, on his crutches, because of his rheumatism. Continuing to look backward and hobble forward, the invalid explained to me that the boy was not crying "Wolf, wolf!" but "Wolf, Wolf!", the name of the landlord of the rooming house, or tenement, where everyone lived, unwilling, or unable, to pay the rent. Those who were fleeing were not fleeing the wolf but the rent—or rather, the payment.

Moral: The boy, had he been better educated, might well have cried "Mr. Wolf, Mr. Wolf!", so avoiding all those questions and answers, and the fable at the same time.

The Boy Who Cried "Wolf, Wolf!" Close to a Wood Where There Were, It Seems, Wolves.

A boy was in the habit of crying "Wolf, wolf!" whenever he saw his parents making wine in a green vineyard beside a dark wood, just when they were at their busiest. On the first occasions, the parents took to their heels. Later, when the boy cried "Wolf!" again, they beat him. Finally, fed up, tired, and exhausted by the beatings, they stopped paying any attention to the alarmist. But one day, the boy cried "Wolf, wolf!" once more (twice more, actually), and his parents decided to ignore him. Of course, the wolf came and ate the boy and drank the wine. But everything does not finish here, for two other wolves came, just as hungry as the first, and abruptly ate the boy's parents. Here everything does finish, except for the wine, which was finished earlier on.

Moral: This fable should not be confused with the previous one.

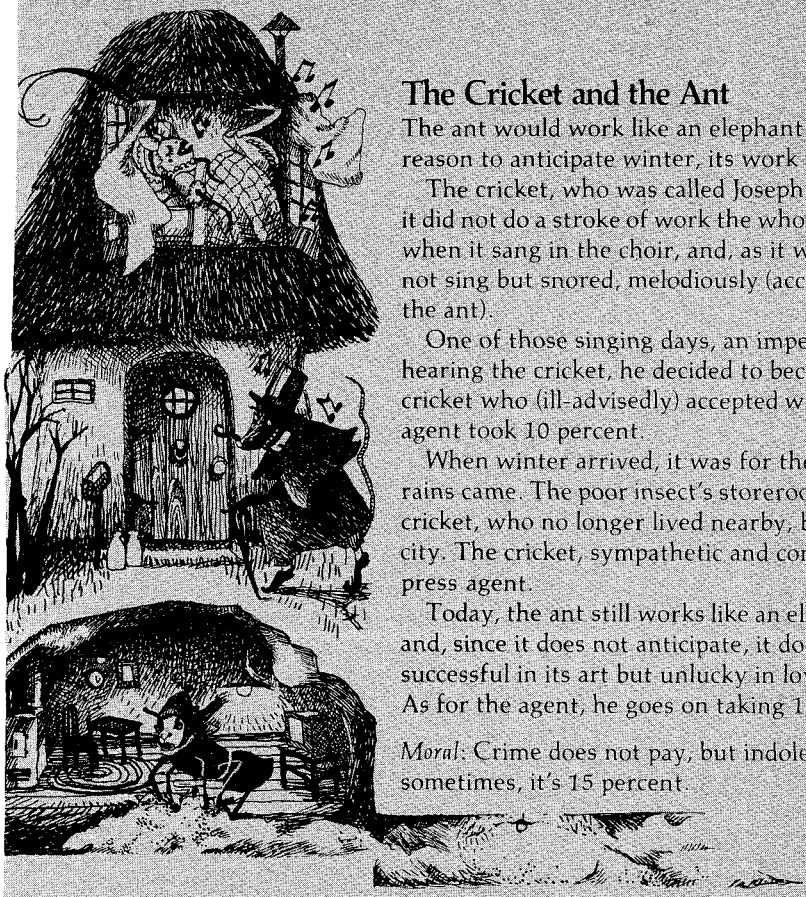
The Tortoise and the Hare

This fable has been told from the Sophists to Samaniego, by way of Lewis Carroll, Kafka and Lord Dunsany, who told it as well or better than his predecessors. In his Irish fable, the plodding tortoise wins as usual over the laconic hare. But during the celebration of the victory of the chelonian over the rodent, word comes of a fierce fire in the forest, and it is decided, by animal consensus, to send, in search of the indispensable firemen, the fastest of the quadrupeds.

As you can read above, there is no reason for telling this fable again.

Moral: Don't even try to do what others have done perfectly well before you, unless you can do it better than Lord Dunsany.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Cricket and the Ant

The ant would work like an elephant anticipating winter, and since the elephant has no reason to anticipate winter, its work (the ant's) was completely useless.

The cricket, who was called Josephine, was a singer and, busy training its vocal chords, it did not do a stroke of work the whole blessed day. It sang all the time, even on Sundays, when it sang in the choir, and, as it was clean, it took a shower every day. At night, it did not sing but snored, melodiously (according to it) and odiously (according to its neighbor, the ant).

One of those singing days, an imperialist agent passed in front of the house and, hearing the cricket, he decided to become an artist's agent. He offered a contract to the cricket who (ill-advisedly) accepted with pleasure. The cricket got what was left, after the agent took 10 percent.

When winter arrived, it was for the cricket the winter season; but, for the ant, the rains came. The poor insect's storeroom was flooded. In despair, it went to ask help of the cricket, who no longer lived nearby, but in the most fashionable residential zone in the city. The cricket, sympathetic and conceited, appointed its friend the ant as its exclusive press agent.

Today, the ant still works like an elephant, but it does not have to anticipate the winter and, since it does not anticipate, it does not despair. The cricket goes on singing, successful in its art but unlucky in love. It has been married three times and divorced six. As for the agent, he goes on taking 10 percent, still without doing anything.

Moral: Crime does not pay, but indolence will get you 10 percent. Not always, of course: sometimes, it's 15 percent.

The Fox and the Grapes

A fox was hungry and, as it was, surprisingly enough, a vegetarian (there is nothing a fox won't do to be in fashion), it cast its eye on some grapes which were there, but high above. It jumped and jumped, again and again, without reaching them. The fox eyed the grapes one last time and, taking a good look (it's amazing how clearly one sees things when one looks at them for the last time), it exclaimed, "It doesn't matter. I don't want them. They're green."

A crow which was passing, on its way to another fable, looked at the fox, looked at the grapes, and said "It's not strange at all. Those grapes are green because they are green grapes." The fox did not reply, perhaps because it didn't hear, perhaps because it was proud, but certainly because foxes cannot talk to crows.

Moral: The fox is an animal which has no gift for languages, but can certainly suffer from color-blindness.

The Fox and the Grapes

A crow spied a fox and came close. It circled round, gazed intently at the fox, and said, suggestively "Tell me, young lady, haven't we met before?" The fox did not reply, perhaps because it was not a young lady. But the crow went from suggestion to insistence. It turned again to the fox. "Don't we know each other from somewhere?" Once more, the fox did not reply. But the crow did not give up. "Tell me, girl, where? I knew you and I know you!" The fox, of course, remained silent. The crow redoubled its insistence. "Cairo perhaps? Oxford, 1959? Beaujolais, the same year?" The fox went off in silence, while the crow kept on with its questions, shouting "Where in hell have I seen you before, baby?

Moral: Fables are useless, since no one learns anything from them, as is clear in this last one. Only one fable later, an animal as clever as the crow forgot that foxes don't understand a word of what crows say.

Guillermo Cabrera Infante is a Cuban writer in exile in London. His most celebrated work is the novel *Tres Tristes Tigres* (Three Trapped Tigers in its English version). The fables are from a book of word play called *Exorcismos*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet by James Atlas

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15)

To other people, for a time, Delmore Schwartz was a hero. Who else in the '30s made better prose portraits of immigrant New York Jews? What other poet suggested, right off, an "American Auden"? What other critic started at the top, in *Partisan Review* and *Southern Review*, with preternaturally classical essays? And Schwartz did all this at the age of 25: a wunderkind. Besides, he talked with the dexterity of a tomato picker, the examples coming from all over the bush, so that the basket filled up quickly and you gaped. He was learned, he was dangerously witty. If you had half a mind to think so, he was even handsome: big, blondish, sweet-faced, noble-headed. Literary hopefuls and even established men of letters journeyed to meet him. The Bitch Goddess had evidently taken a new lover and, true to her democratic leanings, the lover was a second-generation Jew who had first been tested by the Depression.

To himself, however, often even in those years, Schwartz was nothing. In fact, everyone and all of life was nothing, the earth itself "A pitiless, purposeless Thing." For Schwartz was one of the humiliated who compel the world to humiliate them again and yet again, to confirm something they once learned about themselves:

I will forget the speech my mother made
In a restaurant, trapping my father there
At dinner with his whore. Her spoken rage
Struck down the child of seven years
With shame for all three, with pity for
The helpless harried waiter, with anger for
The diners gazing, avid, and contempt,
And great disgust for every human being.

But, no, he could not forget. For would this have happened in a good world? To a good child? Would any good person have witnessed it? That was settled, then. "The innocent are overtaken,/They are not innocent." The rest was between him and the Bitch Goddess, the whore of whores.

Well, he almost surprised some love for his father. At least his father had loved him, from his uncomprehending, sensual distance, when he was around. But he was not often around and his wife stewed over this until she was mean with it, one of the great impossible literary mothers who would make Charity herself weep; the boy got all her woes; he lived in their broom closet. People, she said, and she said it again, people are not to be trusted.

Indeed, could success itself be trusted? He had expected to inherit three million dollars from his father's real estate

Delmore Schwartz

speculations; the Depression starved it down to a few thousand. Success, then, was capricious. For his publisher, James Laughlin of *New Directions*, he mapped out strategies for the promotion of his books. Nothing was to be left to chance. Still the reviewers lit into *Genesis*, his second book, as if he were just anybody and not the literary darling of his earlier *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*. And no matter that the third book, *The World is a Wedding*, was praised. Schwartz knew that—well, one could not exactly know what he knew, but when a friend came up to congratulate him in a bar, he wept uncontrollably.

What had gone wrong? There was not only an apparent need to feel damned, there were weaknesses of a literary kind, and *Genesis* gave them away. It was to be the first volume of an unmitigated exploration of his childhood. The means: blank verse and biblical prose. The year: 1943. Could he not see that it was at least one hundred years too late? And did he not misjudge how much his childhood would yield? Here then were exposed two serious faults: an inability to progress with genuine avant-garde *esprit*, or to progress at all beyond the first steps of his earliest poems and stories; and that tendency to flatten life which came from his flattened childhood, under which his spirit still lay.

What others expected of him, what he expected of himself, he was unable to give, except in earnest, or in a few stories and poems. His many novels on his childhood were not printed but accumulated in his rooms like the stones of a wall. He did not break out of his memories into the day like his friends Robert Lowell and Saul Bellow. And his memories themselves were circular, interminable. He could not get them out with the bloom still on them, indeed they had never had any. "The past is inevitable" and the past is "scandal."

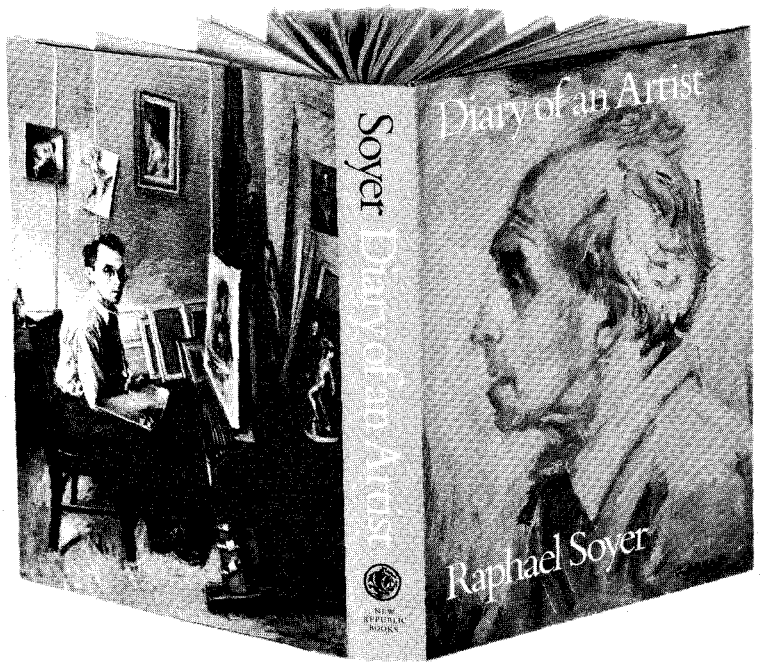
As for his lyric poems, they were too abstracted from his childhood to ease him. Besides, the critics failed to repeat their first hurrahs; they had shouted too soon, it appeared. And so the goddess began to seem unfaithful, as in fact he had known she would, just as later, in his paranoia, he knew that Rockefeller was plotting to take away Elizabeth Pollet, his second wife. For everything comes to grief under "the starlight's/Small knowledge, scattered aloft/In a glittering senseless drift."

The strain told first as insomnia. (The American Dream, Schwartz said in his essay on Hemingway, "formulated in the American Constitution as every human being's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, . . . becomes insomnia when it is not fulfilled.") Prescription: sleeping pills. Anti-prescription: amphetamines. Complication: alcohol. He drugged his disappointment and yet what else did he have? So he nursed it too. Toward the end his body bloated, he had a grey or greenish look, and his mind—the great just mind of those limpidly discursive essays—succumbed to the easiest form of imagination, suspicion, and struck out at his friends like something that provokes you to put it out of its misery, because it is bad. In 1966, living alone in a Manhattan hotel, he died of a heart attack one 3 am when, sleepless, he was toting his garbage pail downstairs.

Famed first for fame, then for failure, Schwartz became a legend even before his death. He was the dawn that crashed, the golden boy who was reduced to shouting, "Punish me, I'm guilty!" Is it now his fate to be a shrine of defeated

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diary of an Artist
Raphael Soyer



Raphael Soyer is one of America's most accomplished and beloved artists. Writing in *The New York Times*, John Canaday calls him "the dean of American realist painters." In these his intimate diaries, Soyer narrates in delicately crafted prose his European travels to the museums of Paris, London, Rome, Florence, and the Soviet Union; he shares his affection for the masterpieces of Rembrandt, Degas, Cezanne, Vermeer, and other art geniuses; he visits such contemporaries as Hopper, Baskin, Levine, and Henry Moore, eliciting the rarely articulated philosophies behind their work; and, in the most autobiographical section, he recalls his emigration from Russia and his training and development as an artist."

Like the diaries of Delacroix and Gauguin, **Diary of an Artist** is the lasting statement of a great painter's life, an invaluable complement to his oeuvre.

"I have read **Diary of an Artist** with great pleasure. There is in these pages a quiet and deeply appealing sincerity—a faith in art and its traditional values, and in the traditions of serious representational painting, which make me rejoice that Raphael Soyer has seen fit to give his personal diary to us."

—Leon Edel

"Soyer's choice of words is so effective, his eye so noticing and his empathy so tender that some of the word-images bring the subjects more to life than do his sketches in paint."

—Eleanor Munro, *The New York Times Book Review*

Diary of an Artist is "one of the exceptional books by a visual artist which can claim the status of literature."

—Robert Taylor, *Boston Globe*

Illustrated by 40 line drawings and halftones. 316 pages. $15.95. At bookstores or direct from the publisher.

A book is a loving gift

New Republic Books 1220 19th Street, NW/Washington, DC 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brilliance or presumptive nobility of mind at which to exorcise our own anxieties about success? It is at least partly so that he survives in poems by Robert Lowell and John Berryman and Saul Bellow's novel *Humboldt's Gift*. But the legend may not outlast by long the grief and love, the special needs, of those who knew him. For, despite his talent, his work is not of the first importance. What else is there? The talk, the play of the features, is gone.

At any rate, Schwartz cannot be said to live at all for his young biographer, James Atlas, who fails to bring passion of any sort to his task—love for the man or pity for his fate or scorn of his weakness or intelligent reverence for his work or a scaling idea about literature or life. At the center of his more or less efficient bustle lies the static spiritlessness of one who is merely getting on with the job.

One result is that the subtitle, "The Life of an American Poet," pans out to a disappointing minimalness. What it means to be a poet in America, what American poetry is—these are not illuminated. Schwartz's poems are in fact scarcely scrutinized: the autobiographical fiction is, after all, the biographer's honey pot. More, the occasional observations about the poetry lack the accuracy that comes from interest.

Consider three misconceptions. First, "Delmore possessed a natural genius for poetry, a fluency that redeemed even his worst poems from bathos. . . ." But surely his only piquancy comes from a difficult lumberingness. His arresting role is to seem a heavy bear, as against a prince, of sentiment and language. His best verse is of a piece with his sense of life, pushed back and drained of color. When he wants fluency he must fake it—and you move on. (In any case, it is inconceivable that fluency could "redeem" bathos. If the bathos is apparent, nothing can redeem it, it is too late.)

Next take Atlas's vague and wavering notion that the poetry is "Modernist." It is true that the early poems were—in Irving Howe's phrase for them—"of the historical moment." But Schwartz's disappointment in life actually had a boulder-like apartness, self-sufficiency, muteness. He was not one of those, like Auden, who define a period. More to the point, put his poems beside those of Eliot or Pound or even Wallace Stevens and suddenly you see where they belong: to the '90s. It was then that such hokey phrases as "And empty as far-off seas" and such relished sorrow as "All of us always turning away for solace" were the thing. In fact, far from being Modernist, Schwartz notably lacked the genius of Modernism, the fastidiousness of the new.

Finally, Atlas ends by saying, "Many of Delmore's poems will last. . . ." The claim is abrupt, he has not shown why they should. Nor do any reasons present themselves once you acknowledge the three near-masterpieces: "In the Naked Bed, in Plato's Cave," "The Heavy Bear Who Goes with Me," and "All of the Fruits Had Fallen." However rhetorical, these are an anthology reader's delight: curiously and subtly different with their flat note that, amidst more lively ones, hits like woe.

While the poetry is thus slighted and, at the same time, preserved and exalted in a dim light, the fiction is merely collated with the life. That leaves the literary essays, of which Atlas is more openly admiring than of the stories or poems, but, again, in a patchy way. And it leaves the film reviews. (In the mid-'50s Schwartz was the film critic as well as the poetry editor of *The New Republic*.) Though hardly mentioning these, Atlas praises them extravagantly: "Delmore at his best was a first-rate film reviewer, comparable to James Agee." But stiffness is more fatal in film reviewing than in literary criticism and as a film reviewer Schwartz was stiff.

We have then a talker without his talk and a writer without his writing, except for snippets. Some of these last come from unpublished journals and load on us a writer's familiar and sodden self-doubts. They give us Schwartz's meanest view of himself, plus manic streaks. So in this biography we see Schwartz alternatively from inside darkly or from outside through the unsatisfactory peep-holes of hearsay and facts. As we read it occurs to us that the being between these covers is not, after all, the stuff of legend. He is just another bleak literary ego. Yet out front Atlas keeps up the idea that Schwartz is indeed large and legendary. He is unaware of how much his method, with its complete lack of enthusiasm, diminishes both the writer and the man.

Atlas might have turned up more nobility in the man, and certainly more of the poignancy in his life-story, if he had written with what Schwartz himself called the "synthetic unity of apperception"—with an attitude that would magnetize the details. Toward this end he might even have simulated the subject's consciousness (a risky biographical practice that, however, Atlas has admired elsewhere). Or suppose, instead, that he had attacked our hero-worship and legendmaking as a sickness. There might have been some point to that, some wholesomeness. As it is his book falls in between these interesting extremes, being as a presentation of facts and opinions perfunctory.

Calvin Bedient

Calvin Bedient's most recent book is *Eight Contemporary Poets* (Oxford).

Mastering the Film and Other Essays by Charles Thomas Samuels

(University of Tennessee Press; $10.50)

"So obscure it takes Simon thirty-two parenthetical words to explain who he is," jeered Andrew Sarris a few years ago, when the name of Charles Thomas Samuels appeared on John Simon's brief list of major American film critics. At the time, Sarris's denigration—motivated heavily by his ongoing feud with Simon—carried some weight, for Samuels's name rang few bells in circles of film journalism and was familiar only to regular devotees of *The American Scholar* and those who had happened to read his anthology *A Casebook on Film* (1970). Five years later, *Mastering the Film and Other Essays* shows what others have been missing: the sustained criticism—concise, cantankerous, and invaluable—of a writer on the way to becoming one of the foremost interpreters of the narrative sound film.

I say "on the way" because Samuels died suddenly in 1974. He killed himself for reasons unknown in the midst of a remarkable career, one which might conceivably have played a key role in the upgrading of what is laughingly called "film criticism" today. Appropriately

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enough for a man trained as a Modernist critic, Samuels set great store by esthetic complexity, breadth of knowledge, and formal potential, and saw no reason why high standards should not apply to film as much as to literature or drama, to cite two other fields he often wrote about. His thoughtful editor and close friend Lawrence Graver quotes one of Samuels's favored authors, Henry James, in the introduction: "The essence of moral energy is to survey the whole field." In his all too brief career as a film commentator (seven years), Samuels did just that, alternating between advocate and adversary, tirelessly pointing out what films *could* do and why most of them failed to do so.

What set him apart from the gaggle of most writers on film was his unwillingness—or inability—to be a reviewer. He couldn't comment on a discrete motion picture; he wasn't a full-time metropolitan critic. He enjoyed teaching at Williams College too much to throw himself full-time into the madhouse of New York publications. Whenever he wrote on a particular film, it was merely the jumping-off point for a wealth of observations on the director's entire *oeuvre*, techniques, thematic concerns, success with actors, *et. al.* While the time lapse basic to any quarterly may have created some problems with his regular column "Sightings" for *The American Scholar*, it also gave him time to shape some unusual essays which, it's safe to say, he could not have written for most film-oriented periodicals: "How Not to Film a Novel," "Films About Film," "Doing Violence," "Tampering With Reality," "Bresson's Gentleness," and a number of others, every three months between 1970 and 1974.

Mastering the Film was intended to be a comprehensive study of the best work of a dozen major filmmakers. His preface to this volume, *Encountering Directors* (1972), must count as one of the few collections of film interviews worthy of the title: provocative, cranky, challenging to both subjects and readers alike. (To assure himself of sufficient background for both books, Samuels saw every film available by the 12 directors—nearly 250 in all—between 1969 and 1972.) Fulbright winner, brilliant teacher, winner of several fellowships, newly-named full professor and Phi Beta Kappa visiting scholar: these were his accomplishments early in 1974, when he was one-third of the way through *Mastering the Film*. And then, in mid-March, it all came to an end.

Included in this last collection are the bulk of his *Scholar* pieces and four of his 12 projected essays. Lost for good are seven chapters on directors interviewed in the earlier book (Clair, DeSica, Bresson, Bergman, Antonioni, Truffaut, and Olmi) and one on Jean Vigo. Samuels's esthetic took form through his film courses at Williams, where his "What Is Cinema?" syllabus mirrored the varieties of film art he planned to demonstrate in *Mastering the Film* at the first level, films adapted from or modeled on fiction or drama; at the second, works which aim to duplicate or evoke aspects of the real world; at the third, films making the most distinctive use of the medium's unique properties. His "Notes for an Introduction" explain why his study is deliberately limited to the perimeters of the narrative sound film (thereby excluding silent, experimental, documentary, or animated films) and why the directors in question were chosen over others. (Those branding Samuels as "bookish" or "highbrow" would be advised to look at his list of "near-great" works: *It Happened One Night, Stagecoach, The Maltese Falcon,* and *Singin' in the Rain* are on it, as well as films by Carné, Clément, Kubrick, and Welles—men who made one great film apiece, then withered.)

"It does not take long for anyone concerned with films to recognize that they are so like plays and novels as to make the medium seem parasitic or otiose unless one discerns the means of specialization," contends Samuels near the start of his first chapter, "Carol Reed and the Novelistic Film." Arguing that most highly competent filmmakers "bring novels to the screen," he singles out Reed as the best of this group for his skill in transposing highly wrought texts to the cinema through adjustments and magnifications in plot, setting, and character—those most literary elements. *The Third Man* is splendidly evoked, but so are lesser-known pictures like *The Stars Look Down, The Fallen Idol,* and *The Outcast of the Islands.* One example: Samuels adroitly shows how Reed cinematizes Graham Greene's "The Basement Room" in *The Fallen Idol* by shifting the plot. Instead of an exposé of adultery or betrayal, the film becomes an indictment of false *seeing* on the child protagonist's part through subjective camera angles and cutting, thereby pictorializing thought processes at work. With equal skill, Samuels then tells us how Reed's weakness for narrative development gets the better of him and turns a potentially marvelous film about limited awareness into an everyday thriller. Similarly, his discussion of *Outcast* points out how Reed's alterations of Conrad's novel—rendering the native girl Aissa mute, paring off descriptive fat and putting purely visual images in its place—actually improve on the source.

"Jean Renoir and the Theatrical Film" takes issue with the majority of critics by stressing the director's essentially theatrical technique over his ostensibly painterly vision. Especially in his section on *Grand Illusion*, Samuel insists that a reliance on assertive dialogue doesn't preclude cinematic greatness. (He sees the multilinguism in the film as a mode of speech as *action*, an indication not only of the barriers of nation and religion but, paradoxically, of the unities of class—as when Boeldieu and Rauffenstein reminisce in three languages and demonstrate a fraternity transcending borders and armies.) And his explication of *Rules of the Game* probes deeply into the artifice that is the film's subject and technique, the formal dialogue à la Musset craftily arranged to contrast explosively with the violent actions scattered throughout. The next essay, on the "low but powerful" art of Hitchcock, is a masterful defense of the maker of *The Lady Vanishes* and *Strangers on a Train* for his manipulative genius and wizardry of emotional rhythm, as well as a stern critique of the director's moral evasions, indifferent technique, and stock terrors. And "Federico Fellini: Juxtaposition"—arguably the best essay on Fellini in English—examines the *maestro*'s reliance on material rather than technique and implies that "Fellinesque" refers less to a state of climaxes or narrative causality than to an ironic state of being. In Fellini's best films—*The White Sheik, I Vitelloni, 8½*—he deftly shifts back and forth between objective reality and imaginative renovation of it, allowing us to downgrade his dreamers' incorrigibility *and* applaud their refusal to discard those visions which mitigate life's stasis. All fully documented by Samuels, who doesn't hesitate to deplore Fellini's ragged techniques and relish for grotesquerie in recent years.

The eight *American Scholar* pieces vary from detailed analysis of a single director to broad discussion of cinematic trends or prevailing crises, and from Antonioni, Bergman, and Truffaut to Boorman, Huston, Penn, and Kubrick. Samuels's first piece of film criticism, "The Blow-Up: Sorting Things Out" (1967) simultaneously evokes Antonioni's methods and excoriates his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

misinterpreters:

Because Antonioni has done more to define cinema than probably any director since Eisenstein, the criticism afforded Blow-Up *tells a good deal about current consideration of the art . . . Most films are to be looked at; Antonioni's are to be inspected. Decades of film as a commercial form of escapism have atrophied our perception; like all great artists, Antonioni insists that we see anew. Unfortunately, most reviewers can't see.*

In "From Z to Zabriskie Point," Samuels expresses his disappointment with four of his most admired directors and provides ample fuel for controversy along the way. I wholly disagree with his evaluation of *The Passion of Anna;* yet even at what I regard as his most wrong-headed, Samuels make his point vividly and not without a hint of real regret:

Persona *dramatizes Bergman's self-doubt; in* The Passion of Anna *Bergman's doubt serves rather to explain his failure to dramatize. An actor should be able to express expressionlessness or, at least to try, just as a writer (Bergman) should try to create, not assert, his characters. In* The Passion of Anna *Bergman has not devised enough scenes to fill in the outline of Andreas Winkelman, so he and Max von Sydow must sit around discussing him.*

Space prohibits further examples, but two other essays here deserve at least passing mention: "Tampering with Reality," a spirited evaluation of Troell's *The Emigrants* and its evocation of the world versus the garishness and self-parodying of more highly touted films; and "Bresson's Gentleness," a genuinely moving tribute to a deeply austere artist.

Samuels's particular virtues were threefold. First, his was an ecumenical voice. In an age of over-refined "specialists" in every field, he shunted among literature, drama, and film—leaving behind books on James and Updike as well as his film writing—and between teaching and criticism. Admitting that a propensity for Hitchcock was seen as "intellectual slumming" in academia, he went right ahead and wrote on Hitchcock. Loving many of Bergman's films, he relentlessly criticized nearly all of Bergman's output released during the past 10 years. Refusing to be pinned down to incense-burning and innocuous questions, he asserted himself so consistently in interviews that he ran the risk of upsetting his subject or of being thrown out. And the chapters on Reed and Renoir provide a conclusive response to the "visual" critics who accused him of loving artiness and of judging films by foreign measuring sticks.

Second, he prized reflection, and his writing shows it. Most "thoughtful" pieces on film skip crucial details or make sweeping generalizations about a director's career. Samuels's passion for accrued details, his belief that a work of art is only as good as its several components, is manifest in *Mastering the Film.* (See, for example, his comments on Kubrick's attitude towards machines, or Bresson's use of objects.)

Third, he had a personal style. Not baroque, no gaseous theorizing, no dead-end excursions into symbolic speculations—but solid, rhythmic criticism. He could bring off amazement, exaltation, and disapproval in a concise phrase or two:

Zabriskie Point *is a failure; still, just as one would have to be deaf to like it, one would have to be blind to despise it.*

The key to Psycho *is less Sigmund Freud than Richard Strauss. That is why most of Hitchcock's best films are devoid of meaning, peopled by mere containers of stress, and set against backgrounds chosen simply because their innocuousness counterpoints terror.*

To be profitable, even "art" films must be entertaining; and although art and entertainment may coincide, the former is often starved because the latter is too narrowly defined.

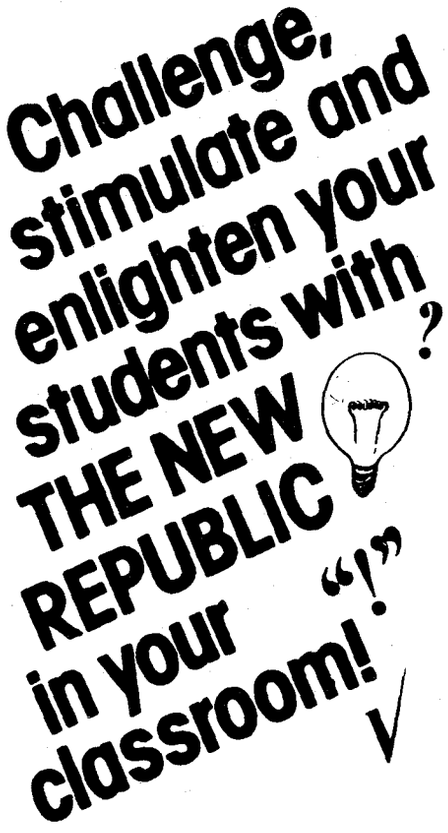
After a period of viewing films made in the East, I declared myself unfit to deal with them.

"Reverence for life" is a grandiose phrase, but The Emigrants *makes you understand what it can mean. By contrast, Buñuel's and Bergman's films express little more than reverence for their creators' dreams.*

Banal in conception, Juliet (of the Spirits) *is vulgar in execution . . . Fannie Hurst meets Jean Cocteau.*

These quotes may give an idea of Samuels's talent for distillation, for "declaring." And a couple show a facet of his writing that somehow seems scanted at large in *Mastering the Film:* his very real wittiness. As John Simon notes in his foreword, in most respects Samuels the man was identical with Samuels the critic, but wittiness isn't one of them. (It's impossible to forget a teacher who, when asked about his severity toward indifferent students, shot back: "I'd rather be thought of as a monster than an idiot.") Still, his personal wit might have found its way into his criticism had he been able to keep on writing.

Samuels himself might appreciate the irony of my caveat with this book: I wish it didn't exist. I wish he'd lived to finish



Special low rate!

The New Republic, America's leading journal of politics and the arts, makes ideal supplementary reading and discussion material for history, literature, government, international relations, economics.

You may order for any period from a single week to a whole semester or school year. Your copies will arrive each week—*before the issue appears on the newsstands.*

- *Students' Copies:* Only 35¢ each, for 10 or more mailed to the same address.
- *Instructors' Copies:* No charge.

Please mount this coupon on your school letterhead—or use your own official order form.

(Minimum order—10 copies.)

THE NEW REPUBLIC
Attn: Circulation Manager
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

Please supply *The New Republic* at your special classroom rate, as indicated:

_____ student copies weekly @ 35¢.

___ instructor copies weekly, no charge.

From _____ to _____
(date) (date)

Name _____

School _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

☐ Payment enclosed: $___ ☐ Bill me.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mastering the Film, so that we might have those eight unfinished essays. But as a crystallization of one gifted human being's reflections on art he championed and tried to fathom, it's indispensable. As Dwight MacDonald wrote of James Agee in *Against the American Grain:* "He really shouldn't have died, I kept thinking, and now this posthumous book makes me think it all the harder."

Steve Lawson

Steve Lawson is a contributing editor of *Yale/Theatre*.

Democracy for the Few by Michael Parenti

(St. Martin's Press; $10)

It was in the middle of the "Youth Revolution," 1970, that Charles A. Reich's *The Greening of America* appeared. His book was a call to the world to heed what he said the younger generation had to teach—with its beads and bell bottoms, blossoming communes, psychedelic drugs, sacred literature (Marcuse, Malcolm X, Mao or Marx), and the songs of Dylan, Baez, Joplin, Guthrie, Powers and Stevens.

What youth had to teach, as Reich explained it, was "Consciousness III," which he said had grown up "spontaneously" out of the "stony soil of the American Corporate State." Consciousness III was a state in which individuals are free to follow their innermost desires without inhibition, be they instinctual or whimsical. "A life of surfing *is* possible," he wrote, "if one chooses." So is love on the spot, cutting family ties, sleeping through workdays or final examinations. The key word in the new era, Reich foresaw, would be individual LIBERATION. The precondition for its achievement, as he stressed at length, was rejection of the loyalties, rules, traditions and obligations of present society. At the time of writing Reich was a 42-year old law professor at Yale.

Now we have from one of Reich's old political scientist colleagues, Michael Parenti, what is best characterized as a sequel to *The Greening*. It explores further what was referred to in the latter as Consciousness I and Consciousness II. These represent, respectively, the pre-World War I "spirit of the frontier" and the "spirit of the Corporate State," which both writers explain took firm root in the New Deal and has flourished since. *Democracy for the Few* is a plaintive bugle call to regroup the waning ranks of the no-longer-so-young revolutionists for a new assault on the "stony soil," which seems to have grown stonier. It is a reminder of the promised glories of Consciousness III and more especially of the present horrors of Consciousness II.

In boxing, Parenti would be classified as a crowder. He moves in close and punches in flurries. Each segment of the body politic gets his attention, in turn. Since he is interested in attack he makes no pretense of objectivity, but at every opportunity—and he finds them everywhere—accentuates the negative. "Law and order" is seen as "repression of dissent." Mass communication is described as indoctrination "by the few." The President and congress are tools of "special interests," a grouping within which he carefully includes the Supreme Court and state and local governments. However, it is the counter-revolutionaries—all liberals beginning with FDR—who draw the heaviest fire. Their causes and reforms, he finds, are never meant to achieve the stated objectives. Just the opposite.

Among his countless charges are that federal manpower programs yield few jobs for the unemployed but huge "windfall" profits for the private firms that supply the training. The main impact of federally supported day care centers, he says, is to enrich landlords who lease the centers to the cities. In public assistance, "low income families are shortchanged by government supposedly designed to serve them." Much of the transfer payments, he claims, go to the middle class while the poor get "little or nothing." Publicly funded educational research is seen as "little more than publicly supported commercial research in disguise."

Parenti could go on, and does for 336 numbing pages of short scrappy sentences. The argumentation consists of a machine gun fire of assertions capped by broad generalizations which more often than not conflict flatly with the evidence. (The latter, of course, must be found elsewhere—say in *The Statistical Abstract of the United States* or one's daily newspaper.) For example, a key conclusion to which Parenti frequently alludes is that poverty in America is spreading, apparently strictly in accord with Marx's iron law of "increasing misery." Census Bureau data show that the proportion of US families in poverty, as officially defined, dropped from 22.5 percent in 1959 to 12.3 percent in 1975—the last, incidentally, being the worst recession year in post-World War II history. Also, despite a growing population, the absolute number of poor persons declined during the same period from 39 million to 25 million. The median income for all families, after correction for price changes, rose from $8592 to $15,546. Perhaps these signs of improvement have not been as great or as fast as some of us would like. But the figures seem to show—and most authorities believe they *understate* the gains—that among all the reforms before and after the Reichian Revolution, *something* must have been done right. The startling gaps between assertion and easily available evidence lend interest to all other branches of Parenti's discussion—on the distribution of income and wealth, the structure of American industry, the functions of government, the political process, law enforcement and the role of the mass media.

This is not to say that all or even most of Parenti's specific criticisms of particular institutions are incorrect but only—and especially—that they are either misinterpreted, artificially abstracted from the universe of experience, or both. The fact that *some* of the deserving poor are not receiving aid leads Parenti to deny, at least by implication, that many millions of others are successfully assisted. Where most observers would see imperfections as the starting points for revision and reform, Parenti finds a basis for utter rejection and revolution.

Democracy for the Few closes with a passionate appeal for mass "direct action, demonstrations, strikes, boycotts . . . against the inhumanities of capitalism" and in favor of a free "unstratified society in which there is no one *on top*." One need not puzzle long about how many of the young (or old) in the United States will be listening. As Art Buchwald once said, the kids who used to throw their coats on the floor at the front door now hang them on the bannister.

Melville J. Ulmer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anti-Oedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari

(Viking; $15)

There is—by definition—no tradition that can include utopian speculations; there are only works. And some of the works are famous: Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization,* N.O. Brown's *Love's Body,* R.D. Laing's *The Politics of Experience* were popular this last decade (a time so unsure of its own traditions as to have a profound taste for such things). But despite their popularity these works appear to take place on the margin, to speak to rather than from the traditional disciplines. Laing, an anti-psychiatrist psychiatrist, left the profession to study meditation in Ceylon. Marcuse was denounced as "petit bourgeois" by every established Communist party. Brown, according to Harold Bloom, is a false prophet of the return of the repressed. (The repressed Bloom assures us—or condemns us—never returns. There are only more or less graceful shoulderings of our burden of heritage and guilt. The Oedipal drama is the way that the authentic tradition is constructed.)

This sense of being excluded from the tradition is to everyone's taste. We've made it a sign of authenticity of radical insights that they must be almost outside conventional discourse. The prophet should leave the encampment for the visions of the desert (the playwright should go off-off Broadway). The saving word comes from outside us. It must alienate again the civilization that is alien to us. It should refuse to make sense. (*Anti-Oedipus* certainly does that an annoying amount of the time.) And the reader of such speculations should, as the Mad Hatter advises Alice, by ready to believe six impossible things before breakfast.

The schizophrenic (often a somewhat imaginary creation), the one who refuses our syntax, our grammar of feeling, the boundaries we live by and within, is, here, the hero. Artaud and Nietzsche ("I am every name in history," he wrote, after going mad) are the exemplary figures, as they are for Deleuze and Guattari, and not those who have accomplished a graceful repression, who have resolved Oedipus.

We could, of course, assimilate this whole business to the Oedipal drama: outlaws versus establishment, anti-psychiatry versus psychiatry, palefaces versus redskins, can all be seen as masks of fathers versus sons, attempts to scandalize Dad. But this, as Deleuze and Guattari show, is a way of making things easy on ourselves, of not having to listen to this difficult speech. And it *is* difficult. The radical word uses its cunning—by clowning, by extravagance, by poetry—to repel assimilation into the established order (or "co-optation" as it used to be called).

This cunning—on the part of the authors and of the "schizorevolutionaries" that they praise—is part of the drama of Deleuze and Guattari's *Anti-Oedipus.* As in the "utopian" works I mentioned—and in many speculations since Freud—the unconscious is here the un-co-optable proletariat, outside the tradition, beyond culture, betrayed by civilization. *Anti-Oedipus* more than any other intersection of Marx and Freud, renders palpable the metaphor of the unconscious as a worker, and does it in a brilliant, appropriately nutty way. (In Marcuse, by contrast, the question of work is by-passed. The millenium arrives when the machines have taken over human labor. The revolution is a pastoral.) For Deleuze and Guattari the unconscious is not an expressive Freudian theater director, putting on that disguised family drama we call history. The unconscious is a factory. It consists of little machines ("desiring machines"), devices made up of circuits that connect "partial objects" (the mother's breast, an old boot, a numinous broken stone) and "flows" (flows of milk, flows of saliva, flows of sunlight), connects them all up into Rube Goldberg-like contraptions. These contraptions include the organs of our bodies. (The mouth "cuts" the flow of milk, or sucks on the stone, and the stone must then be hidden in the boot.) Desire is not desire *for* something—to gain the mother, to retrieve the lost object of childhood. We don't, our authors assert—there is an unfortunate amount of assertion to th book—lack anything. Desire is activit The machines aren't going anywher They don't produce anything. They ju are. Going. Now. On their crazy circuit

Each of us is one of these motle constructions. And you can hardly eve use the words "each of us"—for ou desiring machines know no distinction of persons. Parts of my machines us parts of you, and the door to your house animate and inanimate things, parts o men and parts of women. Here Come Everybody (and everything).

The schizophrenic who thinks he is plugged into machines that influence his actions, or who constructs devices of wire and cardboard that he has to plug himself into to eat or sleep, is displaying a truth about all of us. And schizophrenic language operates as the machines do, a syntax with few exclusions (the parts of our machines are highly connectable), a fragmenting of people and things into pieces that are then kaleidoscopically combined in new (and to us illogical) ways.

The aggregate of all our whirring little machines is society. But society, by being an aggregate, then turns on and distorts the little factory unconscious and its flux of quite personal intense valuations. Social organization gives us a language, representations in which to talk with each other, and work together. Social life here (and following structuralist thought generally) *is* language, a coding of the flux of "desiring production" into a fixed hierarchy of values (and excluding some values), making it "meaningful."

The authors provide three models of how this coding is accomplished, following the familiar triad of a history of consciousness, primitive, despotic and capitalist. The primitive, the first coding of the pre-verbal world of intensities (the mother's breast before we have a name for it is an "intensity") and flows, is closest to the operations of the factory. The primitive thinks within his materials—the "science of the concrete" Lévi-Strauss calls it—a simultaneous production of uses and meanings. It is a world without abstractions, where things and meanings are indistinguishable.

In the next stage, the despot, coming as if from outside society (the Nietzschean "master race"—the book includes many pieces of Nietzsche in its delirious machinery) overcodes the multiple meanings, the web of primitive society. All things and all people now seem to flow from (and back to, as

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tribute) one source—the body of the god-king, the despot. All meanings and all persons are organized into a hierarchy beneath the king—and everything has its single meaning. It is an allegorical world: meanings now lie behind things or things behind their meanings.

Capitalism, the market economy, decodes and de-sacralizes the allegorical meanings of the despotic world. Everything, by the solvent of money, is turned into an abstract quantity, is changed from meaning-stuff in rigid relations into impersonal flows, flows of capital and flows of labor.

But these flows of capital and labor power are perilously close to the flows of the schizo-unconscious. The flows dissolve "persons" into them. Capitalism thus threatens to turn into the transpersonal world of "desiring production." (Desiring production, the schizo-unconscious, becomes the equivalent in this vision of the unfettering of production that Marx said would follow the end of capitalism.) Society has to prevent this final dissolution. It must introduce a lack into our sense of ourselves, a shortage we can never make good. It has to enforce a sense of self based on this lack, an ego that won't be dissolved into the flows, that keeps re-constituting itself out of them. Maturity will be the acceptance of this endless task. Enter Oedipus.

Our desire, which is activity, is made to seem like a desire for the mother, to take the place of the father, to have his power. Oedipus is not the natural structure of the unconscious, but a social ideology. Psychoanalysis is indoctrination.

The whole of society is, we're taught, a representation that refers to the family, to fixed roles, to Daddy, Mommy and Me. (I know that I am a self because of my position in this triangle, and I see society as a symbolic family.) The factory-unconscious becomes a theater, putting on the same show every night. Give us any situation, any part of culture—the history of poetry for example—and we'll turn its breaks and flows into the coherent pattern of the Oedipal drama.(Or the Watts Towers?)

Anti-Oedipus has many similarities to the other utopian speculations I mentioned earlier. All are looking for a way to throw off the chains of repression. The active life of the body that is desiring production is similar to the scandalous polymorphous perverse, constantly pleasurable activity described by Marcuse and Brown. As with *Love's Body*, there is here a refusal of "genital organization"—the form of the body that climaxes the Oedipal drama, and an advocacy of androgyny (for desiring machines aren't masculine or feminine, but include bits of both). Like Laing and Brown our authors call for the dissolution of the social fiction of an autonomous ego, and a search for a self that is open to constant metamorphosis—no identity, no unity, "like the zen tea box broken in a hundred places whose every crack is repaired with a cement made of gold. . . ."

But it hardly seems enough to call for these things, our utopian equivalent of land and bread. And as a vision of the future, where desiring production will not be dominated by social representations, *Anti-Oedipus* very disappointingly lacks concreteness. There is, in the translator's introduction, an intriguing mention of Illich's *Tools for Conviviality*. And one can feel a connection between Illich's idea of "convivial production"—work done with small tools under the control of small groups—and "desiring production." Beyond this, though, little is said. And Deleuze and Guattari don't much explore the question of how schizo-revolutionaries would talk with each other, how—in the iridescent flux of constantly changing meanings—we would make our lives together. How would the two levels—the social and the unconscious—co-exist in the continuous transformations without either the disconnection of madness, or the poor flux giving rise once again to a huge social world that will crush it? For the schizo is not an independent entity. He requires the social world, depends on already established languages to make hash of, boundaries for him to cross.

Just so, *Anti-Oedipus* remains an anti-something. Perhaps this accounts for the paranoia that invades even its style; the language of the book is skittish. Still, the work is an extraordinary failure; all such efforts must necessarily fail to replace the world they criticize.

Jay Cantor

Jay Cantor, a former student of Brown's and Marcuse's, is an assistant professor at Tufts University.

The Back of the Book

The Box That Stole Christmas

On Friday night, December 9, the children of America were treated to yet another TV Christmas "special," an hour-long animated cartoon called "The Year Without a Santa Claus." Maybe "cartoon" isn't the right word. I don't know what to call these shows in which every character looks like a cousin of the Poppin' Fresh dough-boy, and moves like a case of St. Vitus's dance.

This particular cartoon starred the voices of Shirley Booth as Mrs. Claus, and Mickey Rooney as Santa. When Rooney played Puck in the movie version of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, he broke his leg, and had to be shot from the waist up throughout most of the picture. Here he broke his voice, affecting a compromise of Walter Brennan and old Judge Hardy as he moaned and fretted and worried himself sick.

You see, the trouble was that "nobody cares about Christmas anymore," so Santa has decided to cancel his ride. His wife, no longer a subordinate Claus, sings "Anyone Can Be Santa" (in which "me" rhymes with "me"), and tries to take her husband's place. But two overgrown elves, Jingle Bells and (you've guessed it) Bells, see through her disguise, and the plan is thwarted.

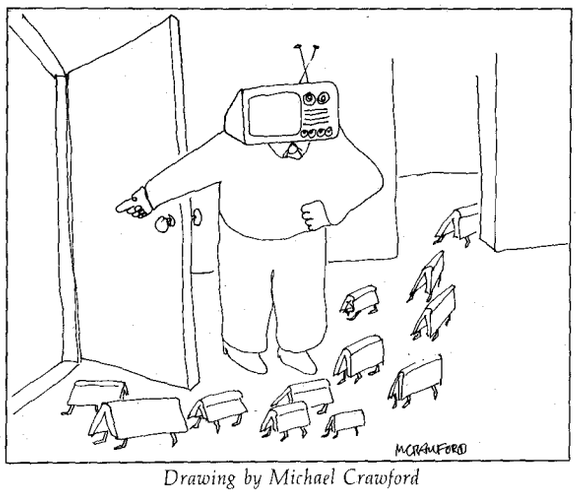
Then Mrs. Claus sends the elves along with Vixen down to Earth (America?) to find someone, anyone, who still believes in Christmas. Santa, suddenly recovered, goes after them. He discovers a family singing "I Believe in Santa Claus" (in which "love" rhymes with "does"); is cheered immeasurably; and the rest of the show consists of Mrs. Claus persuading two crazed titans, Snow Miser and Heat Miser, to create a blizzard in a place called Southtown in order to convince the mayor to free Vixen from the dog pound, from which Santa has already released her.

Finally, all the kids in the world decide to bring toys to the North Pole in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clever, though unexplained, turnabout. Then Santa is told, "the world has given you a vacation." Then he decides he doesn't want a vacation. If you're having trouble following this, don't worry.

The problem with "The Year Without a Santa Claus" isn't its illogical plot—that's one of its problems, but minor. The problem isn't even the dismal instant warmth it tries to generate, the kind found on Christmas TV "specials" for grown-ups, such as "The Carpenters' Christmas," "The John Davidson Christmas Special," and "Perry Como's Christmas in Afghanistan." (I'd like to see "George Meany's Christmas Special.")



Drawing by Michael Crawford

No, the problem is the form itself, the animated cartoon. It's the form which has dominated TV Christmases for a decade; and this year alone, besides "The Year Without a Santa Claus," has brought or will bring us "Rudolph's Shiny New Year" (in which Rudolph searches for "the lost Baby New Year"); "Frosty's Wonderland"; "Santa Claus is Coming to Town"; "Nestor's Christmas" (whoever Nestor is); "The Flintstones' Christmas Special"; and the perennially revived "Frosty the Snowman" and "The Grinch Who Stole Christmas," narrated respectively by Jimmy Durante and the late Boris Karloff.

Whatever else these shows have in common—and it's a good deal—their common gimmick is to take Christmas sentiments and pipe them through the malleable mouths of non-people. People do not appear on these shows. In fact, the only living creatures—if one would call them that—involved with "The Year Without a Santa Claus" were the folks in the ads: the dim-witted families playing Parker Brothers games,and a man in red tights who called himself the Burger King.

Why this reliance on cartoons? The practical reason is that the pleasure of cartoons depends on what we see, so the writing doesn't have to be good, lyrics don't have to rhyme, and the plots don't have to make sense. One thing to be said for those little animated jerks is you can't take your eyes off them.

But the second and more telling reason TV relies on cartoons at Christmas is because the medium either doesn't know how to, or doesn't want to, handle real feelings. Animated characters like these can sing, chew, fly, do cartwheels, even cry beautiful bubbles of tears. But they cannot sustain a serious thought. And they can't break your heart.

What they can do—and what they do—is to put the meaning of Christmas stories at a great and impossible distance from children. Instead of indulging in the good feelings evoked by *A Christmas Carol* or *Miracle on 34th Street*, for example, they apologize for them. Perhaps this is merely television's way of recognizing and admitting its own artistic limitations. Still, these cartoons make a cold and dreary spectacle, not only for what they are, but for the future they forecast.

For, like it or not, television is the new repository of our traditions. Like it or not, these Christmas cartoons will soon join (are already joining) eggnog, stockings, carols, advent calendars, and other paraphernalia in children's folklore. And bad folklore drives out good. By the time our children breed children "The Year Without a Santa Claus" may be in its 30th re-run, and "The Gift of the Magi," "The Happy Prince," and "The Little Match Girl" may be long forgotten. Put that on your yule log and smoke it.

I'm going to do a lot of reading with my kids this season, and I urge you to go and do likewise. I'm going to tie them to their little Christmas chairs and read them Dickens, Wilde, Washington Irving, Hans Christian Andersen, J. M. Barrie, Laura Ingalls Wilder, and all the other good Christmas stories I can get hold of. Once these things go, they don't come back. Instead they hide in space like Scrooge's past, available only to the ghosts who try to save us from ourselves.

Roger Rosenblatt

TRB, *from page 2*

President Carter warns of oil lobbyists attempting the "biggest ripoff in history," as he did at his October 13 press conference.

The situation continues today for several reasons: because of the extraordinary power of the conservative Senate Finance Committee, because of the personality and ability of chairman Russell Long and because Congress applies different ethical standards to others than to itself. Recall the case of Edwin Pauley. Pauley was one of the unfortunate appointments of Harry Truman. He was an oil man from California and Truman wanted to make him Undersecretary of the Navy. Old curmudgeon Harold Ickes didn't like it; he was Truman's Interior Secretary but also watchdog for government oil reserves. Called before the Senate confirmation committee he said, yes, Pauley had been trying to shake loose Federal authority over off-shore oil to the presumed benefit of oil companies. Pauley didn't get confirmed, Ickes flounced out of the Cabinet.

Congress is very, very sensitive over conflict-of-interest in executive officials. At the same time—powerful, respectable Robert Kerr (Democrat) of Oklahoma, richest man of the Senate, was a member of the finance committee. Nobody asked him to divest himself of shares in his Kerr-McGee oil company while protecting oil companies' depletion allowances.

Carter sent Congress his energy package in April; the House passed it August 12. Chairman Long now thinks it will be ready in the Senate some time next year—January, maybe. And observers wonder if America doesn't deserve a better government than it gets. We are importing $45 billion of foreign oil, which is skewing our trade balances and exposing us to Arab embargoes. It gets worse rather than better. But House and Senate can't agree. Carter postponed his nine-nation trip the end of November to help out on the energy bill; Congress went on Thanksgiving holiday. He starts next week on a shorter trip. It will be a mite embarrassing, when he asks the leaders of Saudi Arabia and Iran not to increase oil prices, to admit that Congress isn't as much concerned about it as he is. Congress will have a nice month-long Christmas recess, which will last until January 19.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic School & College Directory

Colleges

MEDICAL SCHOOL ADMISSIONS may hold the answer to medical reform. This new admissions program works on Merit, not credentials. For information, please contribute $25 (students $10) to: Medical Admissions Program (MAP), Box 1147, Claremont, New Hampshire 03743. Premeds: Maybe we can help each other.

REASONABLE ADVENTURERS . . . are encouraged to apply to WORLD COLLEGE WEST: small, personal, residential liberal arts college. Near San Francisco. Fifth year. Accreditation candidacy. Studies: Environment, Human Services, Communication. WORLD COLLEGE WEST, Box 3060-N., San Rafael, California 94902. (415) 456-7665.

ARTHUR MORGAN SCHOOL. education for responsible living. jr. high. family atmosphere. integrated program of academics, work, crafts, outdoor life, annual field trip. mountain setting. Rt. 5, Burnsville, North Carolina 28714.

Instruction

FASTEST, EASIEST piano course in history! Uses patented American invention! Information: Box 751-RM, La Canada, California 91011.

HOME STUDY COURSE IN ECONOMICS. A 10-lesson study that will throw light on today's baffling problems. Tuition free; small charge for materials. Write to Henry George Institute, 55 W. 42 St., New York, New York 10036.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical, non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017. (212) 889-7960.

LEARN SPANISH. If you really want to learn Spanish quickly, fluently and correctly, and if you have the courage and stamina for intensive and disciplined study, come for at least one month to the Cuernavaca Language School. First month $300. Following four weeks $200. Private tutor available at $350 for 50 hours. Details: Apdo. 480, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

WESTERN WOMAN, SLIM, 40's, bookaholic, desires secure man, humor intact, for stable, intimate relationship. The New Republic Box 8500.

DAVIS CATTON, REMEMBER O.U. good Rochester times. Let's get in touch. Mark Anderson, 824 Niles Road, Union, New Jersey 07083.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081.

ORIENTAL LADIES want to write you. Blossoms, Stehekin, Washington 98852.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

Good Causes

When an AMERICAN INDIAN CHILD drops out of school, chances for success drop abysmally. Futures for Children is a non-profit organization working to help keep Native American children in school. For $20 a month you can take part in a priceless endeavor, and get to know about a way of life here in America. Write for further information or begin a sponsorship today: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery, N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109. Or call, toll-free, (800) 545-6843.

The Classifieds

Personals

CHARMING RECENT COLLEGE grad, B.A. Philosophy, seeks wealthy gentleman interested in travel and possible long-term committment. No perverts. The New Republic Box 8535.

PUBLICATION AVAILABLE for Liberated People Seeking Confidential Adult Contacts . . . Free Membership, With Ad To Females . . . Details Free, Copy of Publication, $5.00. Teresa's Eight, P.O. Box 669, Silver Spring, Maryland, 20901.

WASHINGTON, D.C. businessman seeks very attractive, physically oriented female, 25-40, with good, uncluttered mind for exciting, varied, fun relationship. One promise - no lies. The New Republic Box 8545.

HELP INNOCENT DISABLED VETERAN fight for freedom - In Prison awaiting retrial. Unable to post bail - (207) 354-8761.

CHICAGO AREA PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 48, interested in travel, camping, music, books, intellectual pursuits, seeks sensitive man with similar interests. The New Republic Box 8465.

SINGLE HIKERS discover unique hiking trails and each other. National. Write Box 422, Aptos, California 95003.

GIVE ME A MAN who doesn't spout off as an authority. I could love one such as that - even if he's a definite minority. And I *can* love—all ways and always. Despite the graying hair of my latter days. The New Republic Box 8530.

ACADEMIC, 34, seeks affectionate lady friends. Visitors welcome. Box 293, Boca Raton, Florida, 33432.

SCANDINAVIAN, FEMALE executive, early 30's seeks professional, tall gentleman, who is intelligent, sincere, financially secure and has a great sense of humor. Interests: books, modern art, theatre, travel, skiing. The New Republic Box 8520.

CRAZY RICHARD'S PEANUT BUTTER World Famous - World's Finest! The Favorite of Statesmen, Celebrities, Gourmets. Great gift. 5 pounds $6.00 Shipped world-wide. Crazy Richard's Box 28, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004.

HOW Intelligent are you? Self-scoring test reveals I.Q. in 45 minutes! Send $2 today—guaranteed!! FAMCO, Dept. 1P12, 228 8th Street, Crosby, Minnesota 56441.

PRISONER SEEKS PEN-PALS. Write Ben Panky, 136527; Box 45699, Lucasville, Ohio, 45699.

YOUNG MALE, Professional, to meet beautiful, attentive female. 212-734-5875 collect.

WIFE DESIRED, WITH HOUSE, SOME MEANS. Retired Ohio gentleman, teetotaler, homebody. 51, 6', 200#. Interested Literature, Music, roasts, chops, love. The New Republic Box 8495.

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, AWARE Manhattan Female with diversified interests, looking to meet attractive, intelligent well-preserved male 45-55. 371-5617.

Et Cetera

WILL DONATE RARE BOOK in exchange for honorary doctorate from accredited school, anywhere. Contact R. Stackhouse, Route 1, Lamar, South Carolina 29069 for details.

VATICAN CHRISTMAS STAMPS (1967). Mint, 45 cents. Approvals. Barricks, Box 7154, Detroit, Michigan 48202.

JOIN JULIAN BOND, Gloria Steinem, Irving Howe, Victor Reuther; they're the New Socialists, working for social and economic justice through the Democratic Party. They're members of the DEMOCRATIC SOCIALIST ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, chaired by Michael Harrington. You don't have to be active in labor, feminist, civil rights or liberal movements to join (but, if you are, you'll find lots of company). Membership $15. Information: 853 Broadway, Suite 617A, New York, New York 10003.

$5.00 gets this U.N. REFORM KIT: 17 papers on reforming the U.N. plus "world order" ratings of US Senate and House members. New, politically effective movement. Campaign for U.N. Reform, 600 Valley Road, Wayne, New Jersey 07470.

PROBLEMS with raising your child ages 2 to 18 and need expert advise. You can get help from a professional in "Child Development." Send your question and $10.00 check or money order to: Dr. Graham P. Matthews, Yoke-Parent Counseling, 4-101 Monticello Drive, Athens, Ohio 45701.

REPORT. GOD, FACT OR MYTH? $5.00, Glen, 1045 Childress, St. Louis, Missouri 63139.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

PSYCHIC CAN BEWITCH (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding. Write requests, donations appreciated. (503) 342-2210. Jamil, P.O. Box 10154, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

T-Shirts

Historical T-Shirts & Totes
Virginia Woolf, Bach, Nietzsche, Amelia Earhart, Mark Twain, George Sand, Susan B. Anthony, Freud, Emily Dickinson, James Joyce, Beethoven, Wittgenstein, G.B. Shaw, Anais Nin, Plato, Marx, Mao, Mozart, Mahler, Tolkien, Colette, John Dewey, Einstein, Jung, Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, Bertrand Russell, Jane Austen, Oscar Wilde, Nijinsky, Dostoevsky, Anna Pavlova, Edgar Allan Poe.
T-Shirts - white cotton, sm(34-36) med(38-40) lg(42-44) x-lg(46-48) $6.00ea 4/$20
Tote Bags (available only in the italicized names) natural color canvas 13" x 17" $9.50ea 2/$18. Canada: Add .50 per piece ordered
prices postpaid - make checks payable to
HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS
Box 55C Somerville, Mass. 02144

Bumperstickers

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" $1; 6/$5. The Wry Idea, Box 22408, San Diego, California 92122.

BUMPER STICKER PRINTING DEVICE. Cheap, Simple, Portable. Free Details. Bumper, POB 22791 (NW), Tampa, Florida 33622.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Literature

YOU! CHEATED! BY CAPITALISM! Inflation. Unemployment. Insecurity. Crime. All for the "sanctity" of profit system. Outrageous! We need production for use. A Socialist Republic. Why? What? How? Read THE SOCIALIST REPUBLIC. Six issues for depreciating $3.00; CRISES IN CAPITALISM, 75¢. Write League for Socialist Reconstruction, P.O. Box 80-R, New York, New York 10010. Today!

A VIRGIN WITH CHILD

The Man Who Knew Mary, by Dr. Don Taylor (Drake University 1976). Was this girl the reincarnation of the Virgin Mary? Was this man Joseph living again? A wondrous account of unrealized passion and the immaculate conception as a principle of androgyny. A brilliant excursion; an exciting adventure! Massive 8½ × 11 illustrated, beautiful book. $7 plus $1.35 handling. Money back guarantee. Ty Allen Press, Mitchellville, Iowa 50169.

FREUD - Genius or Fiend? Judge yourself, read A MAN POSSESSED, by Nat Morris. Cloth $7.95, paper $2.45 from Dealers or, REGENT HOUSE, 108 Roselake, Los Angeles, California 90026.

THE AMERICAN ATHEIST. The monthly journal of Atheist news and thought. Send $1.00 for a sample copy to American Atheist Press, P.O. Box 2117, Austin, Texas 78768.

"CHINESE WOMEN CRITICIZE CHIANG CHING: The Enemy of Women's Liberation". Special issue of China Reconstructs, a monthly magazine air-mailed direct from Peking. This issue 50¢, or free with $3 yearly subscription. Send payment with order to China Books and Periodicals, Dept. NR, 2929 - 24th Street, San Francisco, California 94110. Free catalog on request.

READ THE GUARDIAN—newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 6-week trial sub. $1.00. GUARDIAN, Dept. NR, 33 West 17th St., New York, New York 10011. (Full year $17.)

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

Literary Services

BOOK PUBLISHING—manuscripts and inquiries invited. Fiction, nonfiction and poetry. Free AUTHORS' GUIDE TO PUBLICATION. Write Dorrance & Company, Dept BK, 35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pennsylvania 19003.

WRITERS-"UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPTS? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 10011.

Investments

ASSORTED ROLLS OF OLD WHEAT CENTS $1.75 each postpaid. J & S Company, Box 43NR, Woodstown, New Jersey 08098.

ARE YOU GETTING OVER 30% RETURN on your investments? If not, call IDEL for inflation-proof investments in gold, silver, or diamonds. Seminar for investments available upon request. (703) 827-0555.

"SHOW & SELL" CLASSIFIEDS

TNR's new special price gives you a way to display your message with greater impact for less money!

BOLD HEAD
$5 per insertion
(plus 70¢ per word)

BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$10 per insertion
(plus 70¢ per word)

INSET, BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
$25 per insertion
(plus 70¢ per word)

REGULAR CLASSIFIED ADS 70¢ PER WORD

FREE TRAVEL !!!
Cruises, Tours, Flights - Europe, Caribbean - Elsewhere !! Detailed Booklet Reveal 900-N, Yuba City, California 95991.

SELL YOUR PHOTOS
Report tells how and where markets. Learn what kind of **A. Perkins Enterprises, 93 Street, Chicago, Illinoi**

Try our special introductory "3 for 2" offer. You pay for 2 ads - we run #3 FREE!

Maine Wind Sailing Vacation
ntury Reproductions. Utmost Dependabi erritories. 10551 Victc Washington 98125. G
Rockland, Me. 04841 Tel. 207-594-0000

210 FREE PRODUCTS: Cookbooks, diamonds, seeds. Information: $2.00. Rocking Horse Press, Box 2156, Brooklyn, New York 11202.

The New Republic
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

My ad reads: _____

I'll try for greater impact with:
- ☐ BOLD HEAD
- ☐ BOLD HEAD & SIGNATURE
- ☐ BOLD HEAD, SIG & INSET (photo enclosed)
- ☐ REGULAR CLASSIFIED

Advance payment enclosed _____
Please run my ad ____ times
TNR Box Number - 6 words to cover postage and handling
See frequency rates next page

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Employment Opportunities

DIRECTOR - National Environmental organization seeks person with fund raising, administrative, and writing skills to work collectively with staff. Salary $9500 plus med. Send resume to Personnel, Environmental Action Foundation, 724 DuPont Circle Building, Washington, D.C. 20036.

LIST OF SCHOOLS in JAPAN which employ American Instructors. Send $5 to Central Foreign Books, Box 5180, Tokyo International Post Office, Tokyo, Japan.

Stationery

HOLIDAY NOTE CARDS by Sephardic artist Bouganim, featuring four each: Shabbat, Rosh Hashanah, Simcha Torah, Succot, Chanukah, $5.50 postpaid. Hadar Art Studio-A, 460 Sudbury Street, Marlboro, Massachusetts 01752.

BUSINESS CARDS - (1,000) Raised Print, for $9.99. Send name, etc., check or m/o. No cash. To: Carew Printing, Commerce Building, Erie, Pennsylvania, 16501. Money Back Guarantee.

REQUEST OUR FREE IDEA-PACKED sampler showing discount priced printed business/social stationery. Jacques, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS - LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Walltex, Sanitas. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, silks, designer handprints. Call with pattern number, rollage. Toll free 800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

Gourmet/Cookery

SUPER PARTY Punch recipe: Very good, very alcoholic! $2. Box 7285, Baltimore, Maryland 21218.

GREAT GUACAMOLE! Send $1.00 now for gourmet recipe. Tips: Apt. 4-D, 299 Riverside Drive, New York, New York 10025.

CHEESE CAKE recipe. Creamy, dreamy, easy to bake. Amaze your friends and family with professional quality dessert. $1. Department NR-10, 8711 Leonard Drive, Silver Spring, Maryland 20910.

PERSONAL LABELS for your HOMEMADE goodies. Floral design, space to write your name. 2" x 3". 20/$1.50. Uncommon Market. P.O. Box A-8-80456, San Diego, California 92138.

Health

"WINE" YOUR WAY TO GOOD HEALTH. $1. P.O. Box 392, Bricktown, New Jersey 08723.

QUIT SMOKING RATIONALLY. Booklet by J.M. Seidenfeld, Ph.D. $1.00 to NR, Box 8302, Boise, Idaho 83707.

Toys/Games

CUSTOM CROSSWORDS

Individually made for your conventions, retreats, anniversaries, family occasions! Personalized terms, names, in-jokes, etc. Camera-ready. Write: Custom Crosswords, NR Odin House, Madison Minnesota, 56256.

Films

8 mm/16 mm MOVIES PLUS VIDEO TAPES. American/Foreign classics - features, cartoons, shorts. 72-page catalog $1.00. REELIMAGES Box 137 NR, Monroe, Connecticut 06468.

Music

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

Arts/Crafts

the Copper Puzzle

Thom D. Hickam
The Craftsmen of Chelsea Court
2551 Virginia Ave. N.W.
Watergate, D. C. 20037

The Copper Puzzle is mounted between Plexiglas with brass bolts. Puzzles most common from this series are birds and the human figure. Please state a preference when ordering. 5"x7" mounted size $35.

Property Sale/Rent

NEW HAMPSHIRE fully furnished home available rental June 78 - August 79. Schlesinger, New Hampton, 03256.

AGREEABLE HOUSE for rent. February through June. Rockland county, N.Y., 20 minutes from GW bridge. 4 Bedrooms, 2 studies, 2 acres - edge of village. Books, all appliances, cat. $500/month plus utilities. (914) 359-1121.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

Vacation/Travel

Expedition

EXPEDITION 'ROUND THE WORLD. Remote places: Galapagos. Pitcairn, Easter, Tahiti, Fiji, etc. 180' Yacht. Shipmates wanted. Share expenses. Write YANKEE TRADER, P. O. Box 120, Dept. No. 2, Miami Beach, Fla. 33139

ADIRONDACK WILDERNESS SKI TOURS—Enjoy the exhilaration and beauty of a northern winter in the company of expert naturalist guides. Each cross-country ski tour vacation is five days limited to eight guests geared to beginners as well as experienced skiers. Two guides with each tour. Daily sojourns into the 18,000 acre St. Regis Wilderness Area and its "forever wild" lakes, ponds, forests and mountains. Excellent winter birding and chance to observe habitats of deer, beaver, bobcat, coyotes, black bear, fox, otter, pine marten, fisher, mink. Evenings spent in warm comfort of wilderness lodge on secluded lake. Hearty home-cooked meals. Evening programs feature distinguished ecologists, historians, writers, conservationists. From late December to mid-March. Adirondack Ski Tours, Box 934, Saranac Lake, New York 12983.

TWO EXOTIC TOURS - Feb. 27, Tunisia, Sicily. Italian Boot, $1,522. July 25—Russia, Siberia (Great Train Ride), week in Mongolia, $2,669. Both 22 days, all expenses. Newspaper Adventurer, Bastrop, Louisiana, 71220.

LONDON TO ISTANBUL. 46 Days, May. $1850. Dr. Cimon, Box 5752, University, Mississippi, 38677.

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House, 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, 148 E. 78th Street, New York, New York 10021. (212) 879-8870.

TRAVELMATES. Like to travel, but not alone? Share your winter vacation. Box 59B, Pleasant Unity, Pennsylvania 15676.

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion)	70¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year	65¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year	60¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year	55¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year	50¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year
24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1220 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10

From Spain. From France. From the United States. From the Orient. From the Collectors' Guild. For you.

An International Gallery of Limited Edition Art Works

The Collectors' Guild, Ltd. has made a "career" of selecting fine art for those who want to acquire the unique and unusual in limited edition art at affordable prices.

For this showing are represented by the ateliers, studios, galleries and art workshops in the art capitals of the world. France. Spain. The United States. The Orient. The result is a veritable gallery of original lithographs.

All pencil-signed and numbered by the artist. All Exclusively Ours.

Antonio Rivera: Spain

"Printemps Vert"—With colors that seem to be lit from within, Rivera is able to convey the season—the very temperature—in this richly-hued symphony to spring. This well-known artist, who has exhibited in galleries in Copenhagen, Stockholm, Madrid, Cannes and Barcelona, has pencil-signed and numbered this limited edition of 375 plus 35 artist's proofs pulled at Atelier Gourdon, Paris, 1976. The stones were then defaced. Matted in Soft Green, then framed in anodized brushed gold aluminum to measure 21½ x 25½ inches of spring distilled to a single impression.

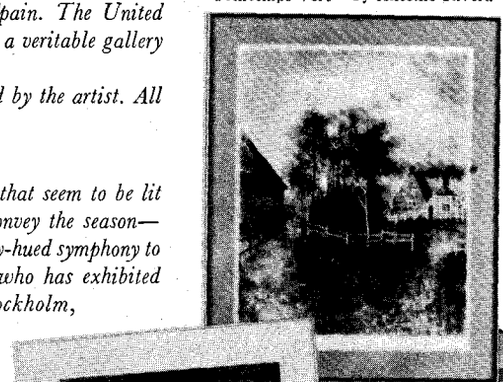
1189—
"Printemps Vert". . . . $56.00

Hoi: The Orient

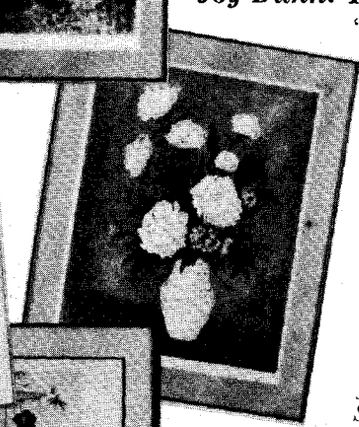
"Fleurs et Papillons"—A phosphorescent spring surges from a lithograph that's graced with carnations, dappled with butterflies, hallmarked with raised embossing, and fired with glorious light and color. From this internationally acclaimed artist whose works are in the Rockefeller and Loo Collections, comes this pencil-signed and numbered edition limited to 375 plus 35 artist's proofs. Pulled at Atelier Gourdon, Paris, 1975, the stones were then defaced. Matted in Pure White. Framed in Oriental style molding with black lacquer finish and gold liner to measure 23 x 28½ inches of choicest chinoiserie.

1129—"Fleurs et Papillons". . . $65.00

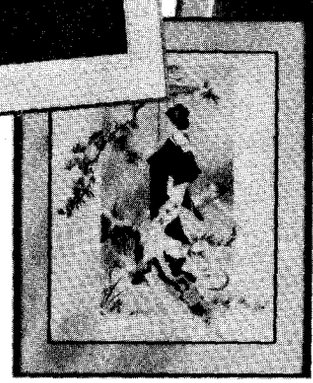
"Printemps Vert" by Antonio Rivera



"Fleurs et Papillons" by Hoi



"Pivoines et Bleuets" by Lavernia



"Oriental Garden" by Joy Dunn

Lavernia: France

Colors so vivacious they almost sing. A composition so enchanting the perfume of the flowers almost explodes from this many-hued ode to spring. With acclaimed exhibits at Paris' finest Salons, Lavernia presents this pencil signed and numbered edition, limited to 375 plus 35 artist's proofs. Pulled at Atelier Gourdon, Paris, 1976, the stones were then defaced. Matted in Sky Blue and framed in anodized brushed silver aluminum, measuring 22 x 26 inches of the purest joy.

1154—"Pivoines et Bleuets". $54.00

Joy Dunn: The United States

"Oriental Garden"—blends the two primal conceptions that dominate Japanese art—the grace of women and the beauty of nature into a single, serene, delicate statement. Both a well-known pastel artist and free-lance illustrator, Ms Dunn has pencil-signed and numbered this edition of 375 plus 25 artist's proofs. Pulled at Graphic House, Englishtown, New Jersey, in 1976, the stones were then defaced. Double-matted in Natural Silk over Dark Green in a bamboo design antique green finished frame, measuring 22½ x 26½ inches.

1043—"Oriental Garden". $70.00

Acquiring fine, affordable art was never so easy. All you need do is mail the coupon below. Or phone our toll-free collector's Shopping service.

Call Toll-Free: 800-223-7430
(New York residents phone collect: 212-532-0044)

Collectors' Guild, LTD.

185 Madison Avenue • New York, New York 10016

Mail to: COLLECTORS' GUILD LTD.
Dept. 46-N-7
185 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

YES. Please send me the limited edition artwork indicated below. I have enclosed check or money order, or given my charge instructions. I understand I will receive—without cost—the 1977 Holiday Collection Catalogue, and future collections of limited edition artwork and gifts in crystal, bronze, pewter, and silver.

Qty.	#	Title/Artist	Price Each	Shpg. & Insurance Each	Total
_____	1189	Printemps Vert: Rivera	$56.00	$3.95	$_____
_____	1129	Fleurs et Papillons: Hoi	$65.00	$3.95	$_____
_____	1154	Pivoines et Bleuets: Lavernia	$54.00	$3.95	$_____
_____	1043	Oriental Garden: Dunn	$70.00	$3.95	$_____
New York residents add sales tax.			Total Order		$_____

Please charge my: ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard/Visa

Acct. No. (all digits): _____

Master Charge Interbank No.: _____ Card Expires: _____

Signature (required for charge) _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send me *your* Collectors' Guild 1977 Holiday Collection Catalogue. I enclose $1.00 to receive the Catalogue only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

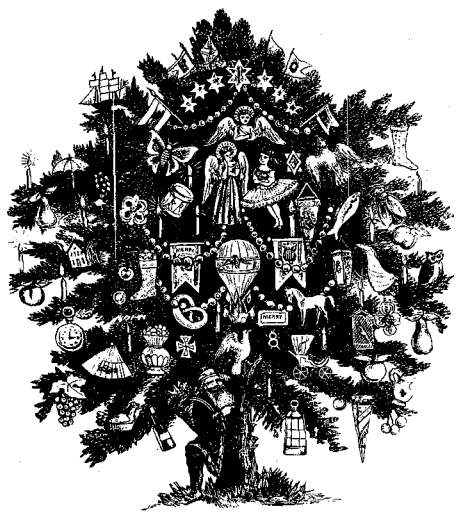
Washington Diarist

A Brat's Christmas

Like many Washingtonians, I am a foreign service brat. This means that I have an inflated sense of myself as a cosmopolitan type, went around the world twice before I was 14, know the words to several national anthems and never will fully recover from having had servants. It also means that I used to attend yearly dances at the State Department sponsored by an organization called THIS (The Hospitality Information Service), dance with the son of the Polish ambassador, with whom I fell briefly in love (the son, not the ambassador), and shake hands once a year with whoever happened to be Secretary of State. (It usually was Dean Rusk.) It also means that I was American with a vengeance as a child. FS brats learn early to cultivate American-flavor holidays. The Fourth of July was a regular Bacchanalia of Coke and hot dogs. And Christmas couldn't have done better if it had been produced by Hallmark.

December is north India's most beautiful month. Marigolds, roses, sweet williams, phlox, nasturtiums all bloom at once, and are all about twice as big as they are in their native habitats. (Some of these flowers were planted by the British but, like other British institutions in India they got out of control.) Our Christmas began with the Chrysanthemum Fair at a local American missionary church. At this celebration we bought the usual Christmas bazaar items: gingham flowers, scented soap, popcorn balls, aprons, oven mitts. These items went beyond exoticism. Silver and brass animals, soapstone dishes I could get in the bazaar anytime. *This* was the real stuff. As a diplomat's wife, my mother's domestic duties consisted mainly of ordering the meals, overseeing the accounts, and looking beautiful in dresses made out of handwoven silk saris. What she did with those oven mitts and aprons I gave her year after year I'll never know. Maybe they're the ones I'm using now as I burn the traditional Pennsylvania Dutch Christmas cookies that I'm trying to bake for yet another year.

Our Indian staff seemed to take real pleasure in Christmas when I was a kid and enjoying membership in the elite. We lived in an old British-raj-type bungalow in Delhi, with a separate kitchen house in the old style. Each year our cook would call us into his domain, usually off-limits, to stir the Christmas fruitcake. He was the best cook in Delhi, in fact had been borrowed by Jackie Kennedy when she passed through on a goodwill tour charming everyone in sight. So this ceremony was no mean honor to be extended. We each would stir the cake as Safid poured in some rum, and we were to make a wish. I don't know if this was a ritual of his own devising, or some old British hangover. Whichever it was, it pleased Safid



The Bettmann Archive

enormously. And Safid was a Moslem. Multani, our bearer and major-domo, loved Christmas too. He liked to wake my brother and me up terribly early so that he could find out what Santa Claus had brought us. Multani was a Hindu. He and his wife and son exchanged marigold garlands with us on Christmas morning. I have a photograph from our last Indian Christmas, and I am buried in garlands, up to my ears in them. Multani loved Christmas, the tree, all the trappings. I haven't looked Christmas trees and such up in the Encyclopedia or *The Golden Bough*, but I seem to remember something about light and darkness, winter and spring. Or was it Prince Albert and *O, Tannenbaum*? Oh, well.

When I taught in a Washington private school I had an experience that one could surely only have in this city. Each year my students would vie with one another to give me the best present. There were some pretty remarkable things—one little girl gave me 12-button white kid gloves from Saks. But the strangest was a present from a child who gave me a Christmas ornament, a needlepointed teddy bear, made "in the car on the way to visit Dad at Allenwood." The bear looks like any kid's present, but every year when I hang it on my tree I shiver.

Sometimes the only part of the Sunday paper that is immediately approachable is the TV magazine—just to see what good movies Sunday afternoon may offer. Last week *both* of the Washington papers had Marlo Thomas on the cover of their guides, celebrating her remake of Frank Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life*. What she apparently has done is to cast herself in the old Jimmy Stewart role, and to change the guardian angel into a woman. Now I am all for movies with women at their center, for women at the center of anything for that matter, but I'm not much on "remakes." I noticed in the same TV magazine that the 1947 version of *Miracle on 34th Street* is back again after the brief hiatus brought on by *its* "remake." And what was wrong with the originals? *It's A Wonderful Life* is a terrific period piece, soppy and sentimental right down to the war-hero brother who returns on Christmas eve. How can you do better? And then Marlo Thomas, an admirable sort to be sure, producer and star of *That Girl*, writer of *Free to Be You and Me*, says that she expects the picture to be a classic—that it'll run "every year for five years." Well, five years do not a classic make. And I prefer to remember Clarence as a male angel in a nightshirt, not as Cloris Leachman. So I watched *I, Claudius* Sunday night instead. If you want a woman at the center of a drama, the Empress Livia does pretty well.

To put it mildly, I did not profit from a religious upbringing in my family. So I spent my childhood attending any church that seemed friendly—and a lot did. I have been, at various periods, almost everything from a Greek Orthodox to a Quaker. I just melted into the crowd. But at Christmas, at least for the past few years, I have tried to be an Episcopalian. On Christmas eve a family friend and I race out to the Washington Cathedral for what she insists on calling "midnight mass." And the Cathedral is always shut tight, except for one year when the Ukrainian Catholics who use Resurrection Chapel were having a choral service. You see, the Cathedral Christmas eve service starts at 10 pm. Maybe this year I'll remember. If not, that hill it's on commands a wide view of the city, and that'll do well enough on a cold night.

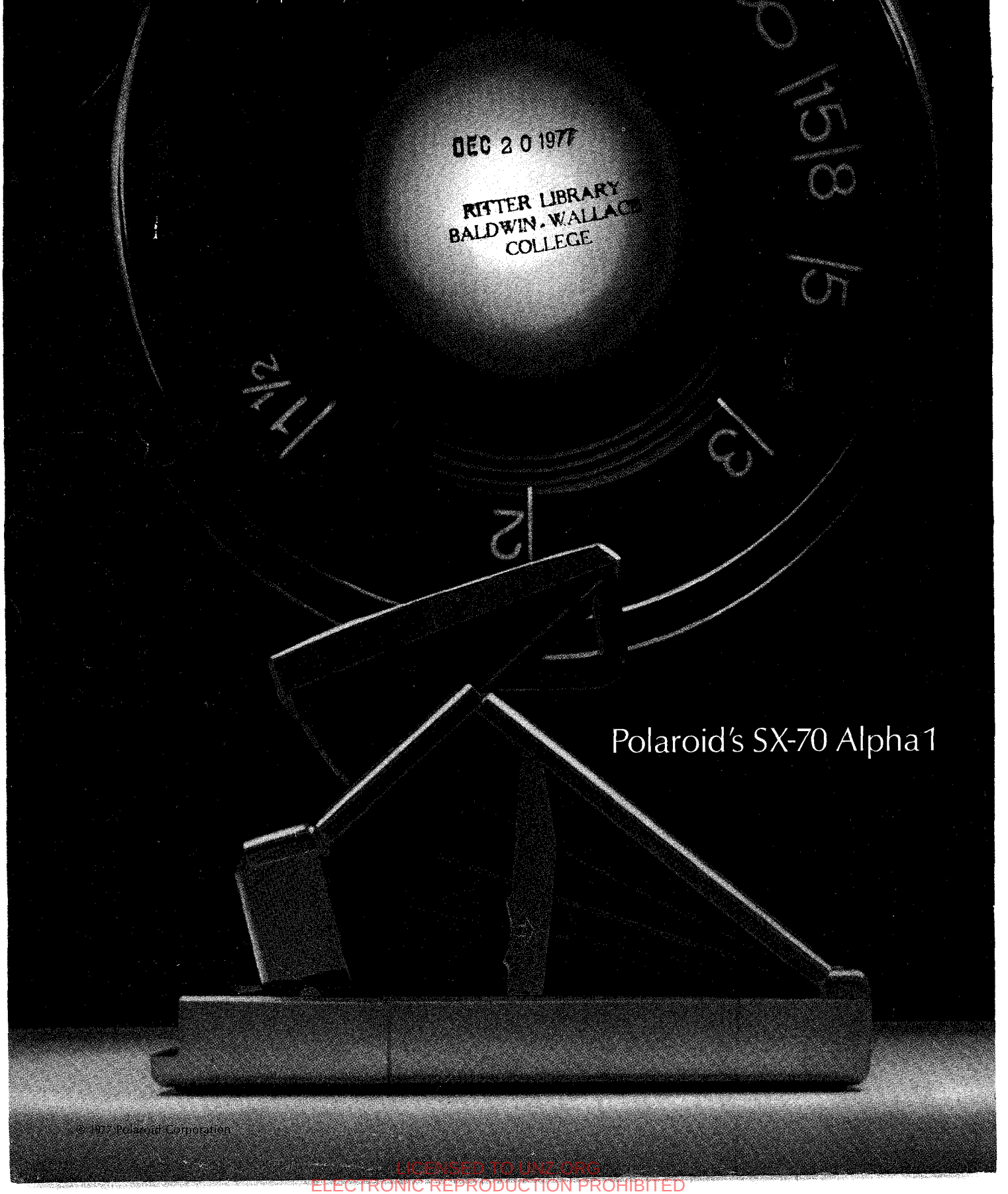
C. O'N.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polaroid invented the world's unique single-lens reflex camera.

The SX-70® Alpha 1 Land camera is the world's only single-lens reflex camera that folds. To achieve both compactness and brilliant performance required conceiving and designing an extraordinary optical system. The unique Polaroid® Fresnel mirror collects and concentrates more light than any other single-lens reflex system, making the SX-70 viewfinder one of the brightest in photography. The SX-70 lens is equally unique. It is only one inch in diameter and even less than that in thickness. This remarkable lens can focus from infinity to as close as 10.4 inches. (No conventional lens can do this.) Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1. Unique optics for superb, clear instant pictures.

DEC 20 1977
RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE



Polaroid's SX-70 Alpha 1

© 1977 Polaroid Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED